

The Academy and Literature

EDITED BY W. TEIGNMOUTH SHORE

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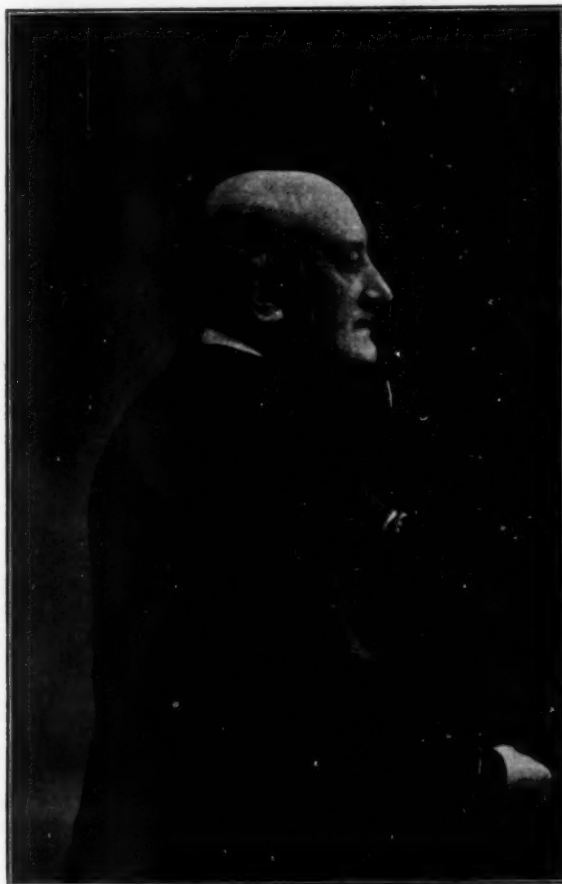
Notes

THE great cottage controversy at Stratford-on-Avon has at last been settled, the trustees having decided by ten votes to eight that the buildings shall be preserved. That they existed in Shakespeare's day has been fully proved; but that, to my mind, is no reason for retaining them, unless it can also be proved that they are interesting specimens of the cottage architecture of their age. The really interesting point in the controversy is that the trustees have realised that they have no right to deal drastically with national monuments without consulting public opinion. Miss Marie Corelli is to be heartily congratulated on driving this point home.

THE coming into residence at Oxford of seventy-five Colonial, German and American undergraduates under the Rhodes Scholarship bequest marks the real start of the scheme. So far the new scholars have had barely time to become thoroughly acclimatised and some were lionised rather too much and taken rather too little as part and parcel of the ordinary Oxford life. But now that the glamour of novelty has worn off comes the time when we shall be able to see more clearly how the Rhodes plan will actually work out. Stripped of its poetic garment of imperial idealism the scheme is really a fairly practical endeavour to promote more intimate relations between England and the Colonies, America and Germany, by bringing those who may be among the future administrators of the latter countries into close contact with English life and thought. I do not think that the results will quite come up to the expectations of Mr. Rhodes' dream; but a first-hand personal knowledge of English ideas among prominent Germans and American students should do much to dispel that ignorance of our ways, our ideals and aspirations, for which our own hide-bound insularity is in reality largely responsible.

PERHAPS, in addition, Rhodes may have looked forward to a quickening of the stagnant intellectual atmosphere of Oxford by the importation from abroad of fresher and more modern ideas. Indeed, in spite of its splendid historical traditions, Oxford has, as an intellectual centre, always contrasted unfavourably with the great universities abroad. The great Oxford movement of the last century—the only one movement for which it was really responsible—was, after all, merely a step backwards, an effort of reaction. At present the should-be microcosm of English intellect and culture is sadly behind the time. Too much importance

is assigned to classics, philosophy and theology, far too little to science and the arts. The taint of scholasticism has not yet been expunged. There are none of those great technical schools so prominent in American



MR. OSCAR BROWNING

[Photo. Kate Pragnell]

and Continental universities. The percentage of undergraduates who take science and medicine is ludicrously small. It is to be hoped that the advent of new blood will help to remedy these evils and to infuse into the sluggish air of Oxford a modern and

vitalising atmosphere. It may even be hoped that some signs may be shown of intelligent interest in English literature.

MR. ALFRED AUSTIN lectured recently before the Leeds Institute of Science, Art and Literature on "What is Progress?" With the Poet Laureate's wistful pessimism, in spite of his disclaimer that he was a preacher of that enervating doctrine, I cannot bring myself to agree. That "a perpetual pall of smoke should rise over the landscape" where Mr. Austin used to "see the sun set and the moon rise" is a pity, but very far from a convincing proof of the radical imperfection of modern progress. Surely the following passage overstates the case: "It was not the higher poetry alone, it was the higher prose literature as well that was being neglected for works of a glaringly inferior kind. He had been astonished to find young people of both sexes among what were loosely called the educated classes avow that they had never read a single page, for instance, of such works as Gibbon's 'History' and Lockhart's 'Life of Scott.'" The present generation may not be imbued with a passionate love of the classics, but it is, as a whole, undoubtedly better educated than any of its predecessors. I would seriously question, moreover, whether Lockhart's "Life of Scott," excellent though it may be in its way, deserves so prominent a place among the representatives of the higher prose, as prose; of course, as biography its fine qualities are beyond question.

MESSRS. CASSELL are about to publish a book by Sir Frederick Treves, entitled "The Other Side of the Lantern," which deals with his impressions of a tour round the world. There were rumours that Sir Frederick had decided to enter politics, but this excursion of his into literature seems to promise better results. Even, however, if the rumours were unfounded, they still point to the modern, but I think regrettable, tendency to treat politics as a hobby rather than as a profession. In the old days Parliament was a career complete in itself; but now the successful lawyer or financier embarks on politics in almost the same spirit in which he would embark on horse-racing.

THE artistic equipment of Birmingham has received an important addition in the completion of the framing and classification of the collection of five hundred drawings which had been presented last year to the City Art Gallery by five local gentlemen. The drawings are the work of Burne-Jones and Rossetti, except three by Madox Brown, Boyce and Sandys. The Burne-Jones drawings consist almost entirely of studies for pictures; they belong to the earlier manner of the painter, but none the less point clearly to the ideals which he was afterward to achieve. The Rossetti drawings, though they show somewhat less attention to detail with some rare but striking exceptions, form a unique collection of his less elaborate work. The most noteworthy are the three wonderful illustrations of Tennyson's poems, the portraits of Rossetti himself, his wife and Mr. Holman Hunt. I hope that such an excellent example of local patriotism will be followed by other cities.

I QUOTE the following from an interesting review by Mr. F. C. Schiller of Spencer's "Autobiography" in this month's "Mind":

"The first great duty of an autobiography is doubtless to be interesting, but the first great question it must

provoke is that of its veracity—taken, of course, in the largest sense, and including not only the question of whether its author has wished to convey the true impression about himself, but also that of whether he has succeeded in so doing. Absolute veracity, indeed, it may be said at once, no biography, or autobiography, ever attains. The infinite complexity even of comparatively simple minds is too great for any picture to be ever wholly true. But then, even in life, complete self-expression seems equally impossible. Granting, however, that every biography will be incomplete, and will possess a bias, even when the writer has, like Spencer, sincerely tried to do justice, and no more, to his subject, it is still worth discussing what that bias is. Now the world usually decides this question in an over-simple way. It assumes offhand that if a picture is sufficiently unfavourable to please its cynic taste it must undoubtedly be true. And yet we have on record abundant confessions (e.g. those of Rousseau, Cellini, and St. Augustine) to prove that men, from various motives and in various ways, will make themselves out greater rascals than they could possibly have been. Indeed, successful self-appreciation is probably by far the rarer fault in autobiographies: it has been given to few to establish their reputation for all time as paragons of virtue by the exquisitely simple device used by the Emperor Marcus, when he gratefully recorded his obligations to the various relatives and teachers from whom he had acquired all the virtues. Spencer's autobiography, therefore, will follow the rule rather than the exception, if the picture it has painted does more to satisfy the malice of the world and the hatred of enemies than the veneration of friends."

APROPPOS of Spencer's alleged lack of humour, Mr. Schiller casts the blame on "Spencer's critics who have failed to detect an exquisitely subtle sense of humour which might taste insipid to their coarser palates." Is Mr. Schiller to be taken seriously, or is this an instance of an "even subtler and more exquisite sense of humour"? Mr. Schiller quotes several passages from the "Autobiography," such as "the ghost who would have tried the nerves of many people in full health," but gives no evidence whatsoever of their intentional funniness.

A VERY interesting series of special matinées on the Tuesdays, Thursdays and Fridays of each week from October 18 to December 9 are being given at the Court Theatre. Among the plays are "The Hippolytus of Euripides," translated by Professor Gilbert Murray, finely rendered; "John Bull's Other Island," the new "Irish" play by Mr. Bernard Shaw; "Aglavaine and Selysette," by M. Maeterlinck; and Mr. Bernard Shaw's "Candida" are promised. The plays are produced by Mr. Granville Barker, one of our cleverest actors.

THE Royalty Theatre will open on Monday evening, November 7, with a series of revivals of the old dramatists, under the auspices of the Mermaid Society, whose president is Mr. Philip Carr. By a general desire the first of the series will be a repetition of Congreve's "Way of the World," which was given by the Society at the Court Theatre in May. This will be played for the whole of the week beginning November 7, and on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons. Most of the original cast have consented to resume their parts for this week, including Mrs. Theodore Wright, Mr. Nigel Playfair and Miss Ethel Irving. On Monday, November 14, and every evening during the week, and Wednesday and Saturday matinées, will be given Beaumont and Fletcher's travesty, "The Knight of the Burning Pestle." This will be followed, for the

week beginning November 21, by Ford's tragedy, "The Broken Heart"; on Monday, November 28, by Vanbrugh's comedy, "The Confederacy"; on Monday, December 5, by Beaumont and Fletcher's "The Maid's Tragedy"; and on Monday, December 12, by Dekker's masterpiece, which is to be given under the title of "Bellafront." The seats will be sold to the public at ordinary prices, but particulars of membership of the Society, which gives the right to reduced subscription rates and to be present at the Sunday evening performances, which are open only to members, may be obtained at the offices, 3 Old Palace Chambers, Whitehall.

Bibliographical

As each year draws towards its close book-buyers are worried by the ridiculous custom of post-dating new publications. It is now two or three weeks since I was first confronted with "1905" on a title-page—with a quarter of 1904 yet to run! That the matter is one which often leads to confusion most persons who have worked, however slightly, in bibliography would, I think, readily testify. The custom has, it is to be feared, too great a hold on the publishing world to be changed; but its evil might be minimised if publishers generally would do as one or two firms I notice are now doing,—print on the back of a title-page the actual date of issue of the book to which it belongs.

"This promises to be a Blake year in literature," said a writer in this journal last week. It began with Mr. Bullen's publication of "The Prophetic Books"; there has just been published "William Blake: a Study of his Life and Art Work," by Irene Langbridge; Mr. Edwin J. Ellis himself has written "The Real Blake: a Portrait Biography," and has edited "The Poetical Works of William Blake," both of which are promised for publication this season, while, further, there is to be a reissue of the edition of Blake's poems which Mr. W. B. Yeats prepared for the "Muses' Library" in 1893. The last-mentioned year, indeed, seems to have marked something of a new era in the fame of Blake, for it was in 1893 that Mr. Quaritch issued his fine edition of Blake's "Works," edited by Messrs. Edwin J. Ellis and W. B. Yeats; then, too, Mr. A. T. Story published in "The Dilettante Library" his "William Blake: His Life, Character and Genius"; and Mr. Laurence Housman prepared a volume of selections from Blake's writings. Later we have had Dr. Garnett's "Blake," as one of the "Portfolio Monographs" (1895); "The Songs of Innocence, &c." (1897) and "Poetical Sketches" (1899), decorated by Mr. C. Ricketts; "Songs of Innocence" (1899), and again in the "Flowers of Parnassus Series" (1901); "Songs of Innocence and Songs of Experience" (1901); selections in the "Little Library" (1901); and "The Songs of Experience" (1902). When we remember that Blake's poems are also obtainable in the "Aldine Poets" and the "Canterbury Poets" it will be seen that there is little danger at present of his ranking with the "half-forgotten authors."

I have mentioned above the new issue of the "Muses' Library." This delightful series of the works of some of our most fascinating poets was commenced by Messrs. Lawrence and Bullen in 1891, and many lovers of literature must have regretted that it was discontinued after the publication of about a dozen volumes. Now, however, Messrs. Routledge are to reissue the old ones in a cheaper form and to add new works to the series. In covers of slate-blue cloth, tastefully gilt, at

one shilling a volume, the new "Muses' Library" seems to me an added marvel to the many marvels offered to-day to the book-lover of small means.

The announcement that Dr. Furnivall is "introducing" a new volume of stories told in prose for children, from the "Canterbury Tales," reminds me that,



SEVEN DIALS

[Illustration from "An Impressionist in England" (Pent)]

though many attempts have been made, there has been no such popular success with Chaucer as the Lambs made with Shakespeare. Ardent lover of Lamb as I am, I must confess that the "Tales from Shakespeare" never possessed much fascination for me, so that I am always a little amazed at their continuous popularity. It was a friend of Lamb's, Charles Cowden Clarke, who first hit upon the idea of "Tales from Chaucer in Prose" (1833, second edition 1870), and he, too, has had many followers on the same path. We have had "Canterbury Chimes, or Chaucer's Tales Retold for Children," by E. Storr and H. H. Turner (1878); "Chaucer for Schools," by Mrs. H. R. Haweis (1881, new edition 1899); "Chaucer's Stories Simply Told," by M. Seamer (1884); "Tales from Chaucer"—in Routledge's "World Library"—by Mrs. H. R. Haweis (1887); and "Tales from Chaucer," by Clara L. Thomson (1903).

Among the gift-books for the season I notice "Mr. Wind and Madame Rain," by Paul de Musset, translated by Emily Makepeace and illustrated by Charles Bennett, without any mention of the fact that this is a reprint. Paul de Musset's "Monsieur le Vent et Madame La Pluie" was published in 1860, and the translation of it, with Bennett's quaint illustrations, was issued in 1864. Another English version was published in 1881, and in 1900 the French original was issued as one of "Arnold's French Reading Books."

WALTER JERROLD.

Reviews

Critics Criticised

A HISTORY OF CRITICISM AND LITERARY TASTE IN EUROPE: FROM THE EARLIEST TEXTS TO THE PRESENT DAY. By George Saintsbury. In Three Volumes. Vol. III., MODERN CRITICISM. (Blackwood. 20s. net.)

In this stately volume Professor Saintsbury completes his "History of Criticism" with a review of one of the most attractive periods which the historian of criticism has to record—the period of regeneration beginning simultaneously in several countries about the middle of the eighteenth century. Professor Saintsbury is a fit person to write the history of this great movement of emancipation, as his own sympathies are entirely in favour of it. The awakening of sound taste and the overthrow of merely traditional dogmas are a pure delight to him, and he celebrates his theme with something of the glow of victory, as though he had himself fought under the banner of Lessing or Coleridge. If there is a defect in his execution, it is that this personal element becomes almost too dominant. The historian is sometimes forgotten in the critic. We learn too little of what the writers under Professor Saintsbury's review actually said and thought, and too much of what Professor Saintsbury himself thinks ought to be said about them. This detracts little from the reader's pleasure; the critic in Professor Saintsbury is born, the historian merely made, and his most critical writing is his best. His vigorous, almost pugnacious, handling of critical themes preserves his pages from the dullness incident to literary histories; while on the other hand the keenness of his interest frequently betrays him into discursiveness, almost into loquacity. If everything irrelevant to the theme were expunged, the volume would indeed lose in interest almost as much as in bulk, but would, with its associates, have some prospect of reaching posterity in another character than as a book of reference. The present volume might almost stand as a book by itself, so widely is the criticism of modern times separated from the period of lifeless rules which intervened between it and the great days of ancient criticism. If the neo-classic criticism still continues to exert influence, it is not in virtue of a fundamentally false system, but as an example of restraint and decorum, not useless in a period whose main fault is a tendency towards extravagance. It must also be acknowledged in fairness that the misjudgments of the neo-classic age are not always to be charged upon its critical methods. We believe that Johnson's notorious verdict on "Lycidas" was in no respect influenced by his critical creed; he was constitutionally incapable of appreciating the peculiar beauty of the poem, and would have been just as much so if he had lived in the nineteenth century.

Professor Saintsbury's survey is most comprehensive; few critics of importance of any nation have escaped him. We are rather surprised to see but a cursory reference to Hegel, whose influence has been great, and whose aesthetics are as intelligible as his metaphysics are obscure. In general, however, the scales of comparative importance are most equitably adjusted; perhaps if some recent names had been entirely omitted more room might have been allotted to great but desultory critics like Schopenhauer, who, proceeding on no definite system, can only be illustrated by liberal quotation. Some notice might also have been taken of that model of criticism of the classical school, Muratori's treatise "Della Perfetta Poesia." In general, Pro-

fessor Saintsbury's appreciations appear to us as correct as they are undoubtedly cordial. If there is any injustice, it is usually in the case of encyclopædic writers like Goethe, who need to be displayed in a number of aspects, each calling for some criticism, until we rather get the impression of a pupil summoned to hear his faults than of a master in Israel. Professor Saintsbury's remarks on Goethe are frequently most valuable in themselves, but the negative impression they convey as a whole must lead to an erroneous estimate of Goethe's true place as a critic. An admirable modern critic, Mr. Coventry Patmore, is inadequately treated as regards space, and unjustly as regards the general estimate of his powers. An inept remark here and there, like that quoted respecting "The Burden of Nineveh," should not obliterate the numerous instances of sanity and penetration which Patmore has given when really in sympathy with his author. It is true that, as Professor Saintsbury says, he has suffered from the patronage of a clique, but this should rather be a reason for delivering than for suppressing him. If we do not err, the excellent remark quoted from Peacock, "You must take pleasure in the thing represented before you can derive any from the representation"—a canon which at once excommunicates a good half of modern fiction—had been virtually anticipated by Coleridge.

R. GARNETT.

Napoleon Again

THE LIFE OF NAPOLEON I. By J. Holland Rose. 2 Vols. (Bell. 10s. net. Cheap Edition.)

NAPOLEONIC STUDIES. By J. Holland Rose. (Bell. 7s. 6d. net.)

DR. ROSE'S life of Napoleon has excited much comment and controversy since it first appeared. The present issue is a fourth and less expensive edition, which testifies to the wide-spread interest felt in the work and its subject. This new edition is by no means a mere reprint. Napoleonic history seems as inexhaustible as Biblical or Shakespearean criticism, and every year brings many new documents or new interpretations of old evidence to the light. Scarcely any educated and intelligent investigator can fail to glean some grain of new fact, or at least of plausible and illuminating theory, to add to the enormous stock already accumulated.

It has been made a reproach to Dr. Rose that he has regarded Napoleon from a British standpoint. It may fairly be asked from what other standpoint could a British writer regard him. No author who has discussed the Emperor ever avoided prejudice. German historians and Frenchmen of the Republican opposition under the rule of Napoleon's nephew have tried to demolish the Napoleonic legend. American historians, who have claimed impartiality for their panegyrics on the great man, are necessarily biassed by the facts that their nation was fighting Great Britain at the same time as did France, and that one of the fairest States of the Union was acquired from the policy and need of the First Consul. English patriotism has not hindered Dr. Rose from frankly owning that the British ministry connived at the Royalist plots against Napoleon's life after the rupture of the Peace of Amiens.

If the access to special sources of information has led Dr. Rose to stand up for Sir Hudson Lowe somewhat more warmly than that rather dull person deserves, at any rate this is better than the attitude of that mischievous section of the Whigs to whom Napoleon was

the demigod chained on the rock, and Lowe the hired vulture mangling his vitals. The principle on which any impartial investigator of the St. Helena episode must proceed is that none of the first-hand information is absolutely impartial, but that statements made merely for private and official purposes have far greater credibility than accounts intended to be published and to affect public opinion. The documents in the British Record Office are biased, but were not intended to be used to bias others. Another obvious consideration is that Napoleon and his companions in captivity never abandoned the hope and endeavour to escape, whether by some daring or ingenious evasion or by arousing sympathy in England and Europe generally. Lowe was far from being an angel; but if he had been angelic, the Napoleolaters then and after would have represented him as a demon.

Newer than the bulk of Dr. Rose's biography is the volume of Napoleonic studies, in which he has discussed at varying length matters relating to his subject, which could not be treated in sufficient detail in the same book. These are of differing value. The essay on the idealist revolt against Napoleon, as shown in the writings of Wordsworth, Schiller and Fichte, is more or less vague talk; it is when Dr. Rose gets to unpublished despatches that he becomes interesting and valuable. His investigation of the way in which the secret articles of the Treaty of Tilsit came to the knowledge of Canning, and led to the much reprobated Copenhagen Expedition, is convincing. Dr. Rose is not at his best when he attempts graphic description; in military details he is careful, but seems to find them uncongenial. His *forte* is clearing up negotiations and harmonising the jarring accounts of diplomatic transactions given by the various actors in these matters. The study of the Prussian co-operation with Wellington in 1815 is rather a problem of diplomacy than of war, for it rests chiefly on the exchange of letters and verbal communications and the fulfilment of promises. Dr. Rose fairly retorts the German charges of slackness and bad faith made against Wellington; he shows clearly that Wellington only promised conditional help on June 16, 1815, and, further, that he had every right to expect Prussian aid on the 18th at Waterloo long before it actually arrived, and that Gneisenau, ever distrustful of his allies, must have wilfully delayed the cross march from Wavre till he was quite sure that Wellington was really fighting a serious battle.

The collection of new British material about Napoleon's surrender in 1815 proves pretty conclusively that there was no real chance of the Emperor's escape to America. Every outlet was watched and every ship searched. He had the alternative to go on board a British vessel or to be made away with by his political enemies. Another even more startling reversal of traditional accounts is to be found in the denial that any appreciable loss was caused to the Russians by the breaking of the ice on two small lakes at Austerlitz. A graphic account was published by Napoleon in his bulletin and adopted by Alexander as an explanation of his defeat. Marbot not only recounted the dreadful scene of the thousands of Russians sinking into the depths, but told of a heroic rescue of a Russian by himself. Yet it appears that the lakes were drained soon after the battle, and though several batteries of guns with their horses were found, only two or three bodies of men were discovered in one lake and none in the other. The drowned Russians at Austerlitz will have to join the heroic crew of the "Vengeur" in the limbo of things that never happened.

A. R. ROPES.

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI. By H. C. Marillier. Third Edition, Revised and Abridged. (Bell. 7s. 6d. net.)

It is somewhat difficult to account for the fascination still exercised, not only over lovers of art and literature but also over the general public, by the strangely complex personality of the poet-painter who, with Ford



MISS SIDDAL

(From a Drawing at South Kensington Museum)

[Illustration from "Dante Gabriel Rossetti" (Bell)]

Madox Brown and John Everett Millais, founded, in 1848, the famous Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood that was to have so brief, but so noteworthy, a career. In spite of the fact that Rossetti never fully, or, to be more strictly accurate, permanently, mastered the technique of painting and that he showed himself in literature indifferent to established rules, his work in both departments has a strangely compelling power, appealing with equal force to minds of very different calibre, as is incidentally proved by the number of good biographies of him that have recently appeared. Of these the fine monograph of H. C. Marillier, of which a new revised and abridged edition has just appeared, undoubtedly gives the best all-round account of the man, the artist and

the poet. This truly ideal volume, in which there is not a single dull page, is enriched with a very large number of fine reproductions of Rossetti's work, a cursory examination of which will be enough to dispel finally the long-cherished delusion that the gifted master had but one manner and painted from but two or three models.

With impartial but friendly hand Mr. Marillier traces the chequered career of the author and painter who won the friendship of characters so diverse as Holman Hunt, Burne-Jones, Morris, Ruskin and Swinburne, retaining their affection through evil and good report, though his extraordinary vagaries occasionally alienated each one of them for a time. The pathetic and most touching story of Rossetti's long courtship of the "wonderful and lovely Miss Siddal," of his brief two years of married life, of his despair when soon after the birth of her still-born child, his wife was taken from him, is sympathetically told. The influence exercised over the young aspirant for fame by Dante and by Browning is carefully traced, as is also that of the many famous contemporaries with whom he was brought into intimate relations. In dealing with the questions at issue between Ruskin and Rossetti the author does full justice to both, pointing out how inevitable was the final break in their intercourse, and dwelling also on the rare tact displayed by the latter in bridging over the difficulties that resulted from the great critic's unreasoning aversion to Ford Madox Brown, with whom Rossetti was living when Ruskin was his chief, though not, as was long erroneously supposed, his only patron.

No less well-balanced and judicial than the actual biography is the detailed criticism of the art of Rossetti in this exhaustive volume. The remarks on the "Girlhood of Mary Virgin," the "Ecce Ancilla Domini," and the "Beata Beatrix" are especially typical of their author's true insight into the mystic spiritual beauty distinguishing them. Reading these remarks it is indeed difficult to understand the storm of hostile criticism the two first-named paintings evoked when fresh from the hand of the master. The "Girlhood of Mary Virgin" is, in Mr. Marillier's opinion, a masterly performance, considering the painter's age and want of proper training. To him, as to Ruskin, "there seems an especial charm in the new conception of the oft-represented Annunciation. 'The Angel,' not, as usual, gay with peacock wings and trappings, but grave and simply clad; the Virgin not raised triumphant on a throne, nor impossibly bedecked with jewels, but waked from slumber in the early dawn, and crouching half in fear and awe upon a pallet couch." Into the "Beata Beatrix"—of which, by the way, the reproduction here given is exceptionally fine—"Rossetti put," says Mr. Marillier, "the very best of himself, imagination, feeling, colour, beauty and perfect harmony." It is indeed a fitting memorial of his lost wife, the most exquisite portrait of her of the many the artist produced, and he has himself eloquently described it, in a letter quoted by his biographer, as intended "not at all to represent death, but to render it under semblance of a trance, in which Beatrice . . . is suddenly rapt from earth to heaven."

NANCY BELL.

Revolt

HERALDS OF REVOLT. STUDIES IN MODERN LITERATURE AND DOGMA. By William Barry, D.D. (Hodder & Stoughton. 7s. 6d. net.)

It is always difficult to impart to detached essays, written at different times and in different moods, and

with no distinct purpose of future combination, any deeper unity than the unity of the cover. Some of Dr. Barry's essays cohere very well, others have had to be "compelled to come in." Some fit the title, others are at variance with it. It is strange enough to find two writers so settled in their convictions and equipped with such an imposing mass of sound ethical doctrine as George Eliot and Carlyle classed among the "revolted." Why not Comte and Emerson too? But it is nothing short of ludicrous to see the same label affixed to the back, so readily bowed in reverence, of the conservative author of "John Inglesant," *anima naturaliter Puseyitica*. The gentle Amiel, too, though he might have allowed himself to be a sceptic, would have been surprised to hear himself termed a rebel. One is almost led to suspect that in Dr. Barry's eyes every one is a rebel who is not a Roman Catholic; but, as this is improbable, we are reduced for an explanation to the fact that the four articles were each and all written for "The Dublin Review," an able but thoroughly sectarian journal. The others appeared in "The Quarterly Review," where Dr. Barry, no longer yielding to party what was meant for mankind, took both a wider and a higher flight, and showed himself a master of the craft of the essayist. It is needless to say much in praise of essays whose merits have been so generally recognised, and which have, we believe, usually been attributed to the real author. It is noticeable, however, that he commonly writes best the further he is away from his nominal subject, which, when he first wrote, was probably not in his mind at all. He is greater on French *belles-lettres* than on philosophy or theology; nothing can be better than his portraits of Gautier, Baudelaire and Loti, who may perhaps be classed among the "revolted" from some points of view, but, unlike the leaders of religious and philosophical agitation, were assuredly guiltless of any desire to leave the world better than they found it. The criticism of Heine, George Sand, Flaubert and Zola is also excellent, and is the better the more purely it is criticism of literature. "Marius the Epicurean" is delicately and accurately analysed; but Nietzsche and Addington Symonds are taken much too seriously. The former, an extremely interesting person if regarded as a pathological study in megalomania, has no importance in the history of thought. Symonds is another invalid, admirable as a critic when he has something objective before him, but whose physical malady vitiates his introspection of his own soul. He is no living force in theology or philosophy; it would not be easy to find a person who would confess himself greatly influenced by him, outside the domains of history, poetry and art. Those who remember Dr. Barry's essays in "The Quarterly" need not be told that their general spirit is exceedingly candid and liberal, and it is only in his motto that he compares his opponents to banner-bearing fiends. This seems merely a picturesque way of expressing his view of them as the mere vanguard of a mighty host to come, which may justify the title of his book, otherwise open to criticism, as he is certainly dealing with the captains rather than the heralds of revolt, so far as revolt has gone in our day.

As we have already implied, this title seems to us a misdescription: some of his personages, such as George Eliot, Carlyle, Goethe, are at revolt's antipodes; and a more numerous section are mere Epicureans, for whom the doubts and strifes that disturb the earnest have no significance.

R. GARNETT.

The Real Thing

MY RECOLLECTIONS. By Princess Catherine Radziwill.
(Isbister. 16s.)

IN the preface to her exceedingly interesting work Princess Catherine Radziwill says frankly that her book has no pretensions to be anything else but a simple narration of things she has seen and descriptions of people she has met. This is perhaps a somewhat over-modest estimate, for there is much new light thrown—indirectly and perhaps only semi-consciously—upon many of the more important political figures of the past three decades.

Born a Rzewuski and a descendant of that famous Princess Dashkoff who helped the great Catherine to the Russian throne and was subsequently exiled to Siberia, the authoress was about fifteen when she married Prince Adam Charles William Radziwill, "du premier rameau de la première branche de la première ligne." Between 1873 and 1883 she was a very well-known personage at most of the courts of Europe, especially at Berlin, where her husband had a family mansion. She met almost everybody who was worth meeting, and her recollections of them are most clear and distinct. Indubitably she was a woman of considerable tact and charm, and through either or both of these qualities became possessed of a good many of the inner secrets of the higher diplomacy—a fact which she endeavours to conceal, not altogether successfully, in her book.

The respective impressions made upon the Princess by Lord Beaconsfield and Mr. Gladstone are worth putting upon record. Here is what she says of the former, whom she met at the time of the Berlin Congress: "I had, of course, against Disraeli the prejudices which I am bound to have as a Russian; he appeared to my eyes as the incarnation of everything that was bad, evil, and destructive. I detested him as a parvenu and as the man who had humiliated and defied my country. But when I met him my prejudices melted away like snow in the sunshine. A more fascinating personage than the late Lord Beaconsfield has never existed. When one met him one understood at once his successes, and the reason for them; he had in him that great charm which only people possessed with great confidence in themselves can attain to. He absolutely believed in his own power of doing what he wanted and at the time he wanted. Lord Beaconsfield, as a man of the world, has had no equal; his conversation was a source of never-ending delight to his listeners."

Many years later—in 1893, as a matter of fact—she met Mr. Gladstone in London, and her record of him is couched in the following very diplomatic manner: "I met the great man himself at a dinner at the Russian Embassy, and I must say I was intensely disappointed in him. I had expected something quite different, and I thought with regret of Lord Beaconsfield and his great powers of fascination. And yet, as a whole, I found myself far more in sympathy with Mr. Gladstone's opinions. He had an ideal, which very few people possess nowadays, and one could see at once that he was in earnest and that he had not looked lightly on anything he had done. But, though his speeches have always appealed to me, his person has not. I did not take to him, to use a vulgar expression, and I think I like him far better, now that I have read his biography by Mr. Morley, than when I used to meet him himself."

This is, after all, the opinion of a frank, outspoken woman, who has known men, big men, and whose

appraisal cannot be neglected. It is noteworthy and significant.

The great point of these "Recollections" is what they do not tell us. The Princess Catherine Radziwill has a mastery of reticence which is positively unfeminine, and—in its way—somewhat alarming. What a great deal more she could say if she had liked!

We have had of recent years a number of compilations presented to us which pretend, with more or less imbecility, to describe the inside of courts and diplomacy. They fail one and all through sheer ineptitude and crass ignorance. Here, in the "Recollections" of the Princess Catherine Radziwill, we have, at last, something very nearly approaching the real thing. She knows all about it from the inside. For which we should be suitably grateful.

FRANK SCHLOESSER.

TITIAN. By Georg Gronau. Translated by Miss Alice M. Todd. (Duckworth. 7s. 6d. net.)

TITIAN is the subject of so many excellent art monographs in the mother-tongue that we naturally look for some special merit in the translation of a volume from the German dealing with this great exponent of "the emotional power of colour."

In order to avoid alien criticism the author of this book has clearly indicated his line of work in the preface—"My object was to produce, not so much a collection of material as a biography, in which the characteristics of the several periods of Titian's artistic career should be clearly brought out, his relations to each of his prominent patrons treated as a connected whole, and, finally, any facts that throw light on his personality put together, in order that the reader might be enabled to form for himself a clear picture both of the artist and of the man." Herr Gronau has so far exceeded the limits of his self-imposed task that he manages to call forth the regret that he has not strayed farther away from his original purpose.

There are numerous descriptions in this book which could have as well been omitted in these days when picture-postcards and cheap photographs have at least made us familiar with the details of the composition of Titian's masterpieces. Nevertheless, if the author had infused into these descriptions the atmosphere, movement and significance which characterise his word-picture of the "Annunciation," such a protest would be unjustifiable. This particular piece of descriptive work is an excellent literary production, and reflects credit on the translator.

The veiled suggestion lurking behind a statement made with reference to "Sacred and Profane Love" cannot be passed unnoticed. To be told that "the name by which this picture is known has contributed not a little to procure for it its world-wide reputation" must necessarily put on the defensive any artistically endowed person who involuntarily feels that concrete beauty finds its most perfect expression in the human form. It matters little whether this picture be called "Sacred and Profane Love," "Two Maidens at a Fountain," "Beauty Unadorned and Adorned" or "Artless and Sated Love," all of which titles have been given to it from time to time. Even its very meaning fades into insignificance as the eye rests on the exquisite female nude, who is the *sacred* or the *profane* according to the philosophy of the beholder.

As Herr Gronau distinctly says that he has avoided controversial points, he is of course quite justified in attributing the "Concert," in the Pitti Gallery, to

Titian, without advancing the arguments of the critics who are equally certain that it is a Giorgione. Music itself cannot stir the deepest emotions more forcibly than does this conception of its divine purpose, and in no other work of art has the sublime influence of music been so powerfully expressed without the use of actual sounds, unless we except Browning's "Abt Vogler." Throughout this book, wherever Titian and Giorgione are compared and contrasted, the author is at his best, and much light is thrown on the reciprocity of impression between these two masters, which makes it so difficult in many instances to distinguish between their pictures.

"A few of Titian's unfinished pictures and evidence resting on direct tradition" form the basis of the author's remarks on the great Venetian's technique; but, interesting as these are, we cannot but remember that modern criticism has revealed many of the secrets of Titian's methods. Those who had the good fortune to hear Mr. Clausen's "Six Lectures on Painting" in January of this year, or who have since read them, will rejoice that we are not wholly dependent on tradition for our knowledge of the manner in which Titian obtained such wonderful effects.

Herr Gronau's "Titian" may not appeal to the select coterie of art-critics, but it will undoubtedly be highly appreciated by the "wider circle of those who take pleasure in art." It is certainly "a clear picture, both of the artist and of the man," and, as such, it is a welcome addition to the Titian art-monographs.

EDITH A. BROWNE.

THE WORK OF GEORGE W. JOY. With an Autobiographical Sketch, Thirty Rembrandt Photogravures, Sixteen Reproductions in Colours and other Illustrations. (Cassell. £2 2s. net.)

THANKS to the enterprise of Messrs. Cassell and other fine-art publishers there is nowadays a decentralisation of pictorial art which is certain to have a marked and beneficial effect upon coming generations. It is owing to their courageous speculation—to take one amongst many notable examples—that we have been able to add the whole of "The National Portrait Gallery" to our Penates; and we are now further indebted to them for giving us a permanent "one-man" exhibition in our own homes of the work of an accomplished artist, who, whatever his limitations, evidently mixes the paints on his palette not only with brains, but, as he himself says, with love.

By a fortunate chance this book, which is in every way a thing of beauty, comes for review into the hands of one of the "Harrovians" to whom it is "affectionately dedicated," and I take this opportunity of thanking the author-artist and assuring him that Harrow is proud of what is unfortunately too rare a product of our public-school system—a capable painter. And whilst on the subject of Harrow it is interesting to learn from the letterpress, which is delightfully breezy and pleasantly garrulous, that, revisiting the scenes of his boyhood, it was on the banks of "Ducker," the school bathing-place, that the scales first fell from his eyes in the much-discussed matter of painting from the nude.

"I beheld," he says, "a vision of beauty, a form, Greek in purity and fair as any production of chisel; not one of those overgrown modern athletes, a mere bundle of muscles, but a very Mercury, of perfect mould and shape. . . . A modern English boy of the Saxon type; altogether unconscious of his beauty." And those who have been privileged to see Mr. Joy's paintings of "Truth in the Well" and "The Danaids" will realise

how much and to what good effect the words I have put into italics have influenced his treatment.

Speaking of "The Danaids," there is one point upon which issue must be joined with Mr. Joy and a conviction recorded against him out of his own mouth. On page 16 he defends himself for painting the feet of his figure unrefracted and unshortened by the water in which she stands on the ground that the unscientific treatment is more "graceful" than the scientific, whilst on page 22 he stands out for "absolute fidelity and truth of representation." But this is a small blemish in a book on which both author and publishers are to be heartily congratulated. The reproductions, whether in black-and-white or in colour, could scarcely be bettered, and the artist may well look back with pride upon the work which is here so excellently put on record. That he may accomplish much more is earnestly to be hoped, for his is one of those happy temperaments which are still on the alert and still emerging. All who have watched his work are alive to the fact that he has left far behind him the hard and dry colour which characterised his earlier painting, and that he has shown consistent improvement. It is cheering to find an artist divinely discontented with what has contented others.

G. S. LAYARD.

A HISTORY OF SCOTLAND FROM THE ROMAN OCCUPATION.

By Andrew Lang. Vol. III. (Blackwood. 15s. net.)

THE manifold and incessant activities of Mr. Lang's amazingly agile pen seem in nowise to interfere with the orderly production of the successive volumes of his History of Scotland. His "output" is quite marvellous. The interval between the appearance of the present volume and that of its predecessor has not been long, has not been greater, in fact, than such a volume might fairly warrant were its composition the sole occupation of its author's time. Yet we know that these four hundred and twenty pages packed with facts, and nowhere betraying marks of superficial study, are but a small part of what Mr. Lang has accomplished in the last two years or so. It would be an exaggeration to add that there are no signs of haste in the writing. But that a high level of historical scholarship is maintained, and a conscientious sifting of the evidence of all the important authorities is exhibited, the most technical and scientific of historical critics must admit. That this is so is matter upon which not only Mr. Lang, but all who hold by the older canons of history, may fairly be congratulated. Mr. Lang, if we recollect aright, has somewhere recorded his conviction that the facts of history are always capable of being recorded "not only with accuracy, but with charm." Of a writer who is bold enough to withstand the theories of the twentieth-century historians, to whom literature is an abomination, it is pleasant to be able to say that he has not merely succeeded in writing with the charm that is native to his pen, but that, to invert his ideal, he has written not only with charm but with accuracy. Indeed, one is obliged to note that in this volume accuracy has on the whole got the better of it. Partly, no doubt, because the period covered—roughly from the accession of Charles I. to the death of Charles II.—is not abundant in romantic elements, but mainly because of Mr. Lang's hearty distaste for sectarian controversies, the author is not always as fully in sympathy with his subject as is desirable, if not essential in a historian. Needless to say the history of Scotland in the seventeenth century is primarily a history of the contentions of churches and the jealousies

of rival sectaries. For all this the author everywhere evinces a thorough distaste. He is continually invoking a plague on both, or all, the parties to the quarrel. Most people, who do not happen to be Scotchmen, will probably heartily agree with Mr. Lang. Nevertheless it may be doubted whether an inability to share the interest in such controversies which is commonly so marked a characteristic in Mr. Lang's countrymen is not something of a drawback in a historian of seventeenth-century Scotland. But while this is so, the somewhat sombre setting of this story serves to bring into strong relief those passages in which the author's sympathies are unreservedly engaged. In all history few figures are more purely romantic than that of Montrose. It is a difficult achievement to render in prose that death scene which lives for every one in Aytoun's stirring verses. Yet those who believe that the sanctions of accuracy are not incompatible with a full enjoyment of the romance of history will turn with high-wrought expectation to the historian's narrative of "The Passion of Montrose." And they will not be disappointed. The critical student will compare with interest the earlier chapter of this volume with those portions of the late Dr. Gardiner's work which deal with Scottish affairs. The contrast is honourable to both writers. Mr. Lang finds little or nothing to correct in his predecessor's admirable analysis of the course of events. On the other hand Dr. Gardiner's concise and conscientious recital of the fact becomes in Mr. Lang's hands a much more human document.

A CORNER OF ARCADY. By Francis A. Knight. (Dent. 7s. 6d. net.)

AN INDIAN GARDEN. By Mrs. Henry Cooper Eggar. (Murray. 7s. 6d.)

HONORIA'S PATCHWORK. (Chapman & Hall. 6s.)

"A CORNER OF ARCADY" is a pleasant setting forth of the thoughts of an old schoolmaster and a readable record of life as lived amid the peace of a cottage in the country. The delicious sense of satisfaction that comes to a man, who, having spent the best years of his life in the highest of all avocations, is able to work out the problem of life among the hills and under the clear blue of heaven, is conveyed with simple but sure strength. In this book—which is in the main made up of articles that have appeared from time to time in a daily paper—one may read of wonderful gooseberries, of glorious yellow plums, of the hay harvest, of vipers and frogs and a hundred other things which, to a dweller in the crowded city, assume an interest, by reason of their simple charm, far greater than their importance. That the author is a schoolmaster is a fact which comes out in many a little touch of expression, even if one disregards the little joke about the fifth oration of Catiline. But if in these strenuous days it is good to be reminded of the flowers of the field, of the birds that sing, and that there are still such things as a heron to be seen in this isle of ours, so is it equally profitable to be taken back to the days when we learnt our knowledge with pain and trouble; while not a few of us will envy those youngsters who had such a kindly man, of sound judgment and instinct with goodness, to guide their steps.

A book which has an apology as a preface is a difficult one to criticise. Mrs. Eggar's "An Indian Garden," though limited in scope, scarcely needed this diffident explanation to commend it to readers other than the one for whose delectation it was confessedly designed. To those who know the fascination of a garden this descrip-

tion of a five-acre strip in a far-off land will come as very pleasant reading. Among the gardening details are scattered some quaint sayings of native servants, the naive unconcern of one of them who, when the ground trembled prior to an earthquake, asks his mistress where he shall plant caladiums, being particularly delicious. Mrs. Eggar has put before the reader a quiet and charming description of Indian life, which is decidedly interesting.

To say that "Honorias Patchwork" is patchwork is not to utter the cheap and obvious sneer but to point out a weakness in a book of merit. The author, who prefers to remain unknown, has scarcely the forceful or brilliant style that would make a series of essays on things in general, and country life in particular, anything more than pleasant and often tasteful discussions on people, books and things that may be taken to form the basis of a large part of the conversation of cultured folk. But though most of us when we arrive at a certain age often feel that our thoughts and convictions are worth setting down for the benefit of humanity, it is not every one who is able to do so with the measure of success that the author of "Honorias Patchwork" has achieved. If her literary appetite (we take it that the author is of the gentle sex) is large, her mental digestion is sound. Her range of reading goes from Richardson to Carlyle, with the Bible, Epictetus, Homer and Sophocles in between. If her remarks *en passant* as to these "stars" of the world of books lead others to make close acquaintance with their writings, then "Honorias Patchwork" will not by any means have been written in vain.

NARRATIVES OF THE BEGINNING OF HEBREW HISTORY FROM THE CREATION TO THE ESTABLISHMENT OF THE HEBREW KINGDOM. By Charles Foster Kent, Ph.D. With Maps and Chronological Chart. Being Vol. I. of the Student's Old Testament. (Hodder & Stoughton. 12s. net.)

THE BOOK OF ISAIAH ACCORDING TO THE SEPTUAGINT (Codex Alexandrinus). Translated and edited by R. R. Ottley, M.A. Vol. I. Introduction and Translation with a parallel version from the Hebrew. (Cambridge University Press. 5s. net.)

GOD AND HIS WITNESSES. By the Rev. M. H. James, LL.D. (Skeffington. 2s. 6d.)

CHRIST, THE KING OF LOVE: A SIMPLE LIFE OF OUR LORD. By Georgiana M. Forde. (Skeffington. 2s. 6d.)

In "Narratives of the Beginnings of Hebrew History" a beginning has been made by Professor Foster Kent, of Yale University, of the task of presenting to students in a disjunct form the various documents which a succession of redactors welded together into the historical books of the Old Testament. The present volume carries the work as far as the end of the book of Judges and includes also the idyll called Ruth. The typographical arrangement is clear yet ingeniously economical of space. And the introduction and tabulated contents are workmanlike. English readers may be less enthusiastic than is Dr. Kent about the achievements of the American Revisers of 1901, whose version has in the main been followed. To ears attuned to "the music of the English Bible" the concession to modern idiom seems gratuitous and oftentimes offensive. Compare, e.g., the speech of Jephthah's daughter in the one and the other: "My father, if thou hast opened thy mouth unto the Lord, do to me according to that which hath proceeded out of thy mouth; forasmuch as the Lord hath taken vengeance for thee of thine enemies, even of the children of Ammon"; with "My father, you have

made a solemn promise to Jehovah: do to me what you have solemnly promised, inasmuch as Jehovah hath taken vengeance for you on your enemies, the Ammonites." We do not envy those to whom this change seems for the better. But this is no more than a blemish on a book of enormous value to the conscientious student of the Bible.

Mr. Ottley's book is an attempt to bring the Septuagint version of Isaiah and its relation to the Hebrew under the observation of Biblical students who have some classical training but no knowledge of Hebrew. The Septuagint is, of course, the Greek version of the Old Testament, which, according to Jewish tradition, was made in seventy-two days by seventy-two elders for the use of Jews of the Dispersion. From it descends the Old Latin, upon which is founded the Vulgate and many other versions. Of the ill-success of the translators in their attempt upon the book of Isaiah Mr. Ottley in his preface writes: "The translators' mistakes in reading (however ample their excuse) are so numerous, ranging in their effect from minute points to the wreck of whole sentences, that their view cannot carry weight as to the real Hebrew text of their day." Yet to the Greek scholar a study of their version of Isaiah is, even perhaps on that very account, of particular value for guidance amid the peculiar difficulties of the Septuagint. The present volume contains, besides an Introduction treating of the Text and MSS., Methods of Rendering, and the differences between the LXX. (Codex Alexandrinus) and the Hebrew, renderings of the Hebrew and the LXX. in parallel pages and critical notes, which in a second volume it is intended to amplify, especially in Greek text and MSS.

In "God and His Witnesses" we have a series of parochial addresses delivered this year in the Church of St. Thomas, Hull. As will readily be supposed, they are a popular elaboration of the argument from design. What is not obvious from the title is that the examples are selected with a wise discretion and presented with a kind of picturesque cordiality that makes the little sermons very interesting reading. They are quite a model of what may be done in this sort for the readjustment of the popular mind in its relation to theistic religion.

This Simple Life of our Lord bears the *imprimatur* of Canon Newbolt, who furnishes it with a preface. The theological point of view is that of the High Anglican school. As to the treatment, Canon Newbolt says the story as told here "is tinged through and through with the reverence which is necessary in any one who would aspire to handle this profound and awful mystery." So far as the intention is concerned, this is no doubt just enough; but we have lighted upon a passage here and there in which the Divine counsels are expounded with a certain crudity.

Fiction

THEOPHANO. By Frederic Harrison. (Chapman & Hall, 10s. 6d. net.) To open Mr. Frederic Harrison's "romantic monograph" is to have the impression of standing beneath the sombre splendours of some great Byzantine mosaic. Nor is the impression lessened by a closer acquaintance with the book, with its rich backgrounds, elaborate detail, and, it must be added, its singular rigidity and lack of individual life. Although Mr. Harrison insists in more than one passage on the modernness of the Byzantine Court of the tenth century, he does not succeed in escaping the sense of distance, and most of his characters are types of

their time rather than living men and women. Theophano herself, whose beauty, ambition, and crimes should dominate the story, is a somewhat unreal and melodramatic personage, given to fawning on her victims and shrieking at improbable moments. Her Parian limbs and sapphire eyes somehow fail to convey the sense of beauty, and her fascinations must be taken for granted. Far more successful is the portrait of her spouse and victim, Nicephorus Phocas. That great emperor, conquering warrior, and religious mystic, subdued by love for the temptress who first crowns and then murders him, is effectively depicted throughout. Less convincing is the figure of Basil Digenes, that type of Christian chivalry, who takes leave of his beloved Agatha in words which recall Lovelace's immortal stanzas and sound curiously discordant on the lips of a tenth-century Byzantine. There are a few scenes in which history and romance come to a fortunate fusion, with admirable results. On the whole, however, it must be confessed that the romance is less an enhancement of the history than an encumbrance of it. Mr. Harrison is so completely master of his subject and period that he can hold our interest by his purely historic narrative. We turn reluctantly from his scholarly and graphic descriptions of Old and New Rome, his account of the conquest of Crete, or of the mission of Bishop Luitprand of Cremona from the Western to the Eastern Cæsar, and do not find the love affairs of Basil and Agatha a satisfactory substitute. The author has not mastered that most difficult yet most indispensable art of the historical romancist, the art of rendering the period as the natural setting and atmosphere of his characters. Here the attention alike of writer and reader is concentrated most of the time on the formation of Nicephorus' army, his relations with the Patriarch, or the brilliant and intricate ceremonial of the court. While these are being studied, the *dramatis personæ* are lost sight of, and in consequence they never fully emerge from their sumptuous and significant background. "Theophano," regarded as an imaginative picture of Byzantium at a crisis of her struggle with the infidel, is an impressive piece of work; "Theophano," regarded as a human drama, is undeniably laboured and remote.

BEATRICE OF VENICE. By Max Pemberton. (Hodder & Stoughton, 6s.) Mr. Pemberton has grown such a prolific writer that the wonder is his books should show so little sign of hurried work or want of finish. The present volume is as readable and exciting as the average story he gives us at present, but it comes nowhere near the level of other books he has written, "Kronstadt," for example. He has chosen a picturesque scene and an exciting period for the setting of his romance—Venice and Verona at the time of the invincible Napoleon's occupation of Italy. The Little Corporal himself is one of the characters, but he does not cut a very imposing or dignified figure as presented by the author. We hear much of him before he appears, and the awe-struck devotion of the hero and his brave fellow-soldiers to their master prepares us to expect a more imposing figure than Mr. Pemberton presents. Beatrice of Venice is one of those beautiful and rather impossible young ladies who in their early twenties are leading great politicians by the hand and teaching them statecraft. Very charming and irresistible figures such young ladies make in the pages of a novel, but we shrewdly doubt if politicians, past or present, would find their wisdom of such paramount assistance in real life. Intrigue and adventure here follow each other in quick succession, and if the figures in the play are just a little suggestive of puppets, and the wire-pulling a wee bit too obvious, we can forgive for the sake of some dainty and charming descriptions of Venice and Verona, two of the loveliest cities of lovely Italy, which live again in Mr. Pemberton's vivid word-painting.

ORRAIN. By S. Levett-Yeats. (Methuen, 6s.) The Massacre of Saint Bartholomew has formed the central incident of many stories, and it has never been used to better advantage than in the present instance. If he could always write as soundly and strongly as he does here, this writer should go far. It is a thoroughly interesting and

gripping novel, full of well-worked-out incidents. The author has set foot in the field of romance, and appears to be well qualified to run a course with some of the best accredited holders of that field. Grace of style and ease of diction are joined to imagination and a pretty taste in description; as shown, for instance, in the picture of Fontevault Forest, from which we quote one sentence only. "Around us on every side the huge and aged trees, stretching in long lines of receding obscurity, stood like a phantom army of giants guarding some dreadful secret of the past." There is a vivid picture, too, of the corrupt Court of France, with Diane de Poitiers pulling the wires of weakness and bigotry, Catherine de Médicis moving gloomy and jealous, and Mary of Scotland, a bright, light-hearted girl, flitting across a canvas crowded with figures whose names are famous in history. The scenes in old Paris, too, show evidence of careful research and accuracy, such as are needed to give an air of reality to a romance of those old and troublous days. We shall look forward with new interest to the author's future work.

THE TRUANTS. By A. E. W. Mason. (Smith, Elder, 6s.) Mr. Mason can do better work than he has given us in "The Truants." "The Four Feathers," of which the present novel somewhat reminds us, was an infinitely better story. In both books we are given a man's struggles and determination to regain his reputation, to right himself and play the man in the eyes of the woman he loves. Both journey afar, for it seems there is nothing heroic to do in old England. Tony Stretton joins the French Foreign Legion in Algeria, and in the chapters which describe his life there Mr. Mason is at his best. "The Foreign Legion certainly did not show at its best in cantonment. Amongst that motley assemblage—twelve thousand men, distinct in nationality as in character, flung together pell-mell, negroes and whites, criminals, adventurers, silent, unknown men, haunted by memories of other days—a garrison town with its monotony and its absinthe played havoc." But Tony Stretton had left in London his weak-willed, impressionable wife, to become the prey of an adventurer, for such we suppose was Callon, although we are not made to realise him. Mr. Mason has not handled his story to the best advantage. There was the germ of an interesting tale in the two truants who slunk out quietly every night to snatch an hour of gaiety, and the development of their characters under rigorous repression. But this story is put in the mouth of another woman, with whose life the Strettons' fortunes intermingle. The action of the story should have begun earlier, when the reader's sympathies could easily have been enlisted for the gay young couple so suddenly flung into difficulties. As it is we are not particularly interested in any one; the characters move through the pages and say their lines automatically. Decidedly, "The Truants" does not do Mr. Mason justice.

Short Notices

AN IMPRESSIONIST IN ENGLAND. By F. Horace Rose. (Dent, 4s. 6d. net.) An impressionist sketch is at its best an elusive thing; the value depends so much on the mood, the man, and the subject. The writer of this volume, while on a short visit to Great Britain, contributed these sketches to certain South African journals. In the preface the "impressionist" disclaims any pretension to being an essayist, admitting the imperfection of the sketches and contending that their value lies in their having been written while the scenes were fresh in the writer's mind. By the reader in Johannesburg they were no doubt perused with interest, and may even continue to live there in their present form. The writer has his Johannesburg reader so evidently in his mind that the sketches lack many interesting points that might have been made. Mr. Rose has a certain graphic style; he gives us well-rounded phrases and several neat expressions. Except that occasionally he writes such sentences as "I can shut my eyes and imagine myself back

in Johannesburg, wide awake on a still night, listening to the far-off sonorous humming of the mine batteries," one hardly realises that the writer is making his first visit to England. There is very little contrast drawn between the life on the wild free veldt and the crowded feverish life of London. The strongest impression that the writer seems to have carried away with him is the hideous, terrible poverty of London. His visits to the slums astonished and horrified him; the sights of crowds of children growing up to manhood in the gutters and alleys of the East End filled him with dismay. One of the most interesting chapters is entitled "The Old Farm and the New," where the writer visits the ivy-covered farms of England, and dreams of the time when "the African farm shall be typical in its place of the resourceful development of a great land."

WALTON'S LIVES. (The Chiswick Library, Bell, £3 3s. net.) In any form "Walton's Lives" are welcome, and have rightly been included in the Chiswick Library of Noble Writers. All true lovers of Walton cannot possess this noble edition, for it is limited to two hundred copies, but the two hundred fit and wise persons who purchase it will be envied. We have spoken before of this series of reprints, and can but repeat our praise; they are quite perfect in every respect—type, paper, binding, margins. The present volume is adorned with some superb plates, including a portrait of the noble writer himself after the painting by Jacob Huysman, of Sir Henry Wotton after Jansen (in the Bodleian), and of Richard Hooker. These reproductions are by themselves worth the price asked for the volume which contains them. Messrs. Bell deserve our thanks for their enterprise and skill. The text has been carefully prepared, and the embellishments by Mr. D. Clayton Calthrop are quaint and apposite. Again, thanks, and may we ask for more?

SIR EDWARD ELGAR. By Robert J. Buckley. ("Living Masters of Music," Lane, 2s. 6d. net.) We have read this volume from cover to cover, and find it difficult to conceive what good end its publication can serve. It is true that Sir Edward Elgar has done splendid work in oratorio, and it may be true that this work is analogous to, though it certainly is not yet co-extensive with, that done by Wagner in opera. Fortunately he is still a young man, and we have every confidence that he is not yet at the end of his resources. We sincerely hope that the time is far distant when his biography need be written. Then, and not till then, it will be time enough to speak of his work as possibly immortal. It is doing him more than a disservice to "anticipate," as Mr. Buckley does, "the verdict of posterity as to the final position of his niche in the Temple of Fame," and to lay it down as a postulate that by a part of his work alone he has "richly earned a conspicuous place among the immortals." "Nothing," says Goethe, and he never spoke a truer word, "Nothing can be so injurious to progress as to be altogether praised," and Sir Edward Elgar may well pray to be saved from his friends.

FIFTY LEADERS OF BRITISH SPORT: A SERIES OF PORTRAITS. By Ernest C. Elliott (of Elliott & Fry), with biographical notes and a preface by F. G. Aflalo. (Lane, 21s. net.) Here are the portraits, and very good portraits, too, of fifty of the best-looking men in the United Kingdom. They happen to be "leaders of British sport"—they also happen to be typical Britons. Two-and-a-half score of lissom, well-built, well-bred, wholesome men persons, each one in the habit as he lives, in the exercise of his favourite sport. The frontispiece is our King, shooting; then comes the Prince of Wales; follow the Earl of Ancester, on the box of his coach; Lord Balfour of Burleigh, curling; Mr. John Ball, jun., on the links; the Duke of Beaufort, in his capacity of M.F.H.; Mr. W. S. Buckmaster, in polo kit; Mr. Egerton Castle, with the *épée de combat*; Mr. J. J. Cawthra engaged at lacrosse; Mr. J. Daniell, the Rugby football player; Earl de Grey, the infallible shot; the Earl of Denbigh wading with a fish on his line; Mr. Clinton Dent resting on his ice-axe amid Alpine peaks; the brothers Doherty defending the base line at lawn tennis; the Earl of

Durham surveying mankind and a race from the Jockey Club Stand—and so on throughout the category of sports. The pictures are one and all most excellently posed and reproduced. The text, by Mr. Affalo, is entirely adequate, and, taken altogether, this is exactly the sort of book without which the country-house smoking-room would be incomplete. It is a crying necessity for every self-respecting sportsman to possess this work.

BIBLE FLOWERS. By Rosemary A. Cotes. (Methuen, 2s. 6d. net.) "Once when I was a child, I thought that I would set aside a little patch of ground and grow all the Bible flowers in my garden." A delightful thought, and one of those which many of us have had, but have lacked the opportunity to carry out. More fortunate than the majority, Miss Cotes was able to plant, tend, and bring to perfection most, if not all of the flowers of the Bible. Crudely surveyed, her little book is a floricultural and arboricultural Bible Concordance, but really it is much more, for with sincere and reverent instinct she makes each flower, each blossom, each shrub, a silent text whereon to dilate with quite considerable knowledge of plant and garden lore, of quaint by-paths of literature, of sweet quiet thought, of true womanly intuition of the goodness of things. It is a simple, old-fashioned, dear book full of suggestion and unaffected piety, showing much reading and much appreciation. Almond blossom, pomegranate flowers, the mandrake, lilies, the myrtle, the algum or almug tree, the cedar, gopher wood, the pine, the olive, the vine, and the oil tree, are all treated of with copious reference and quotation. No one has done this sort of thing before in precisely the same way, and it could hardly be better done. It is a gentle timely book, and deserves a very wide circulation; it would be nearly perfect if only it had an index.

THROUGH THE UNKNOWN PAMIRS: THE SECOND DANISH PAMIR EXPEDITION, 1898-99. By O. Olufsen. (Heinemann, 15s. net.) Although travellers have from time to time explored the Pamirs and put down the results in books, there have hitherto been great lacunæ as to those portions of that vast district which have not been reached owing to adverse circumstances of weather and opportunity. Lieutenant Olufsen, of the Danish army, has been more fortunate. His expedition of 1896-97, which he modestly terms "a reconnoitring adventure," paved the way for this, the second and more comprehensive journey of exploration. It is a good story, well told, of immense pluck, endurance, and fortitude, with the result that observations—meteorological, architectural, philosophical, and mineralogical—have been published about a region of which heretofore we knew little or nothing. The expedition thoroughly explored the route from Samarkand through Tashkent, Khodjend, Kokand, and Margelan, to Osh in Ferghana, thence to Pamir through the Alai mountains, the pass of Taldyk, the Alai Steppe, and the lake of Karakul, to the Russian fort Pamirsky Post, by the river Murghab. The book is well illustrated by photographs taken by the author; there are several most interesting and informative maps, and a good index. Altogether a very worthy record of an adventurous and successful journey of exploration into unknown parts.

MEDITERRANEAN WINTER RESORTS. In two volumes (Vol. I., "South Europe"; Vol. II., "North Africa"). By E. A. Reynolds-Ball. (Hazzell, Watson, each 3s. 6d.) These two volumes have the great advantage not only of being well got up, but of being considerably more compact than the average guide-book. Mr. Reynolds-Ball covers a wide range, extending from Gibraltar to Cairo, but whatever place he is describing he is reliable. An interesting feature of the guide is the chapters by English medical men on the therapeutic value of the various health resorts.

SURREY AND SUSSEX. By C. S. Ward. (Dulau, 3s. 6d. net.) To use the title of this excellent series, this is a "Thorough" guide; thoroughly good in its letterpress and in its numerous and useful maps. These guides are the English equivalent of Baedeker, and we can think of no

higher compliment to pay them. We have tested the present new edition and find it in every department accurate and up-to-date.

Reprints and New Editions

Does any one have time to keep a diary nowadays? Events are not less striking or less wanting in interest to the modern diarist than they were in the days of Pepys. Is it possible that there is some diarist with facile pen and watchful eye chronicling in secret the doings of the Court and society of our twentieth century, one whose pages will be read with interest by our descendants long after the players in the game have passed away? I think not, for in this age of literary scrambling for notoriety no one hides his genius in the locked pages of a diary. The modern Pepys could never forego the pleasure of reading the press notices of his book. Messrs. Bell deserve well of Pepysians by issuing the cheap reprint before me. The expensive edition which they published recently was beyond the purses of many, even though they sighed and coveted, but now it is being reissued by them in a form which will delight everybody and at a price that everybody can afford, viz., 5s. each volume.—Hazlitt's **GLEANINGS IN OLD GARDEN LITERATURE** is sent me by Messrs. Elliot Stock, price 1s. 6d. net. This quaint and interesting collection is full of good things, and such a very tasteful edition will no doubt commend itself to many.—Three booklets in a cardboard case: **EMERSON ON SHAKESPEARE**, **GOETHE ON SHAKESPEARE**, **CARLYLE ON SHAKESPEARE** (De la More, 1s. 6d. net) will make a dainty gift. The case can equally well lie on the table or take its place on our bookshelves.—Another volume in the Illustrated Pocket Library of Plain and Coloured Books: **REAL LIFE IN IRELAND**, by a Real Paddy (Methuen, 3s. 6d. net), of which the only merit lies in the coloured pictures, which are distinguished more by their quaintness than by their truth to life.—The same publishers' edition of **THE VISION OF DON FRANCISCO DE QUEVEDO VILLEGAS** (2s. net) is founded, I note, on the third edition, published in 1668. A small but neat reprint.—Three small volumes of **BON MOTS** from such writers as Samuel Foote, Theodore Hook, Sydney Smith, and Charles Lamb, with grotesques by Aubrey Beardsley (Dent, 1s. and 1s. 6d. each) are worthy of attention. I foresee that they will freely circulate at Christmas. They are excellently well printed and delicately bound. The drawings alone are more than worth the money charged for each book.—The rest of my reprints this week are poetry, and quite a goodly stock there is. Three workmanlike volumes which meet my eye are the complete works of **SCOTT**, **SHAKESPEARE**, and **MILTON** (Oxford Complete Edition, Frowde, 2s. each). Mr. J. Logie Robertson, M.A., is responsible for the Scott, Canon H. C. Beeching for Milton, and Mr. W. J. Craig, M.A., edits the Shakespeare. The type of the latter is rather small, although perfectly clear; no doubt it was necessary in order to have a complete Shakespeare in one volume.—Messrs. Macmillan have sent me their sixth edition of **THE BAB BALLADS** (7s. 6d.). Those who have them not should haste to buy them, while those who have them should bethink them of their friends. I wonder sometimes, in turning over its pages, how Sullivan could have put such truly wonderful verses to music; on the other hand, some of the serious verse makes me wonder whether in future ages Mr. Gilbert will not be counted as one of our most charming minor poets.—Tennyson's **PRINCESS AND OTHER POEMS**, in the Miranda Library (Dent, 5s. net), is prettily illustrated in red and black by Paul Woodroffe. I seem to find at least one Tennyson among my reprints every week. I wonder who buys all the editions that are continually brought out?—**ORIENTAL POEMS** selected from the writings of Sir Edwin Arnold is published by Messrs. Kegan Paul (2s. net leather, 1s. 6d. net cloth). The binding and type are both alike pleasing.—Poems from the works of **AUBREY DE VERE** have been selected and edited by Lady Margaret Domville (Catholic Truth Society, 1s. and 2s. net). The recent publication of Mr. De Vere's "Life and Letters," by Mr.

Wilfrid Ward, will no doubt create a fresh demand for the poems of one who has been called "the most spiritual of our intellectual poets."—Those stirring verses, **ADMIRALS ALL**, by Henry Newbolt, are now in their twenty-first edition (Elkin Mathews, 1s. net).—**MOTHER GOOSE'S MELODY** (Bullen), a facsimile reproduction of the earliest-known edition, is full of interest as approximating somewhat to the form in which the old nursery rhymes were first given to the public. F. T. S.

Forthcoming Books, etc.

Mr. Angus Mackay, of Halkirk, Caithness, will shortly publish, by subscription, the "Book of Mackay," which will consist of a general history of Mackay, based upon the national records and upon documents in the lately recovered Reay Charter Chests, and a genealogical account of all the various branches of the Mackay family.—"Japan, the Place and the People," is the title of a book by G. Waldo Browne, shortly to be published by Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston & Co., Limited. It will be illustrated by over 300 coloured plates and photo engravings.—"Great Pictures in Private Galleries" is the title of an important new work, of which Messrs. Cassell & Company will publish the first fortnightly part, price 7d. net, on the 27th inst. Part I. will include reproductions of the following pictures: "The Far West Coast," by J. H. C. Millar; "Romeo and Juliet," by Frank Dicksee, R.A.; "The Old Gate," by Fred Walker, A.R.A.; "Ariadne," by John Lavery, R.S.A.—Mr. Norman Alliston wishes to give notice that he will issue early next month a small *édition d'hôte* of his new work, "The Rationale of Art."—The next volume in Messrs. Dent's well-known Temple Classics will be Charles Lamb's "Essays and Sketches," edited by Walter Jerrold. This volume will contain the matter which Mr. Macdonald for the first time identified as Charles Lamb's, and included in the complete works of Charles and Mary Lamb.—Messrs. Dent hope to issue a new volume in their Mediæval Town series immediately. This will deal with Ferrara, and will be written by Ella Noyes and illustrated by Dora Noyes.—Mr. John Murray will shortly publish "Lhasa and its Grand Lama Unveiled: an Account of the British Mission to Lhasa, 1903-1904," by Lieut.-Colonel L. A. Waddell, C.I.E., LL.D., &c. Author of "The Buddhism of Tibet," "Tribes of the Brahmaputra Valley," &c.

New Books Received

Theological and Biblical

Ainger, A., *The Gospel and Human Life* (Macmillan), 6/0.
 Turner, G. E., *Modern Philosophers and the "Per Quem"* (Stock), 1/0.
 Moffat, James, *Golden Book of John Owen* (Hodder & Stoughton), 6/0.
 Ayles, H. H. B., *Critical Commentary on Genesis ii. 4-iii. 25* (Clay), 5/0.
 Heath, Richard, *The Captive City of God* (Fifield), 2/6 net.
 Cotes, Rosemary, *Bible Flowers* (Methuen), 2/6 net.

History and Biography

Rose, J. Holland, *Napoleonic Studies* (Bell), 7/6 net.
 Rose, J. Holland, *Third Coalition Against France* (Royal Historical Society), 7/6 net.
 Carlyle, E. L., *William Cobbett* (Constable), 7/6 net.
 Vambéry, Arminius, *The Story of My Struggles*, 2 vols. (Unwin), 21/0 net.
 Falkner, C. Litton, *Illustrations from Irish History* (Longmans), 18/0 net.
 Turner, H. G., *A History of the Colony of Victoria*, 2 vols. (Longmans), 21/0.

Travel and Topography

Compton, Herbert, *Indian Life in Town and Country* (Newnes), 3/6 net.
 Noyes, Ella, *Ferrara* (Mediæval Town Series) (Dent), 4/6 and 5/6 net.
 White, H. M., *Old Ingleborough* (Stock), 2/6 net.
 Hedin, Sven, *Adventures in Tibet* (Hurst & Blackett), 10/6 net.
 Nassau, R. H., *Petichism in West Africa* (Duckworth), 7/6 net.
 Gordon, Lina, and Baddeley, St. Clair, *Rome and its Story* (Dent), 21/0 net.
 Sennett, A. R., *Across the Great St. Bernard* (Bemrose), 6/0 net.
 Ward, C. S., *Surrey and Sussex* (Dulau), 3/6.

Science

Saleeby, C. W., *The Cycle of Life* (Harper), 7/6.

Art

Williamson, G. C., D.Litt., *How to Identify Portrait Miniatures* (Bell), 6/0 net.
 Birnstingl, Ethel, and Pollard, Alice, *Corot* (Methuen), 2/6 net.

Educational

Yorke, P. C., *A Notebook of French Literature, Vol. II.* (Blackie), 4/6 net.
 Warner, G. T., *The Geography of British South Africa* (Blackie), 2/0.
 Waldegrave, A. G., *A Teachers' Handbook of Moral Lessons* (Sonnenschein), 1/6.
 Matriculation Directory (Clive), 1/0 net.
 Phillips, E. A. (edited), *Milton's "Comus"* (Blackie), 1/6.
 Wilson, Wynne, *A Handbook of French Dictation* (Blackie), 2/0.
 Riach, Margaret, *Recitations for Children in Schools, Books I.-V.* (Blackie), 0/1 each.
 Hill, W. H., *Rapid Revision Exercises in French Syntax* (Blackie), 1/6.
 Hartog, W. G. (edited), *Guizot's "La Révolution en Angleterre"* (Blackie), 0/4.
 Fraser, N. (edited), *Dumas' "Jacomo"* (Blackie), 0/4.
 Payen-Payne, V. (edited), *La Roche aux Muettes*, by Jules Sandeau (Nutt), 0/6.
 Low, W. H., and Briggs, J., *Matriculation English Course* (University Tutorial Press), 3/6.

Miscellaneous

Davies, G. J., *The Kennel Handbook* (Lane), 4/0 net and 3/0 net.
 Kenney-Herbert, Col. A. R., *Vegetarian and Simple Diet* (Sonnenschein), 3/6 net.
 Dyer, Louis, *Machiavelli and the Modern State* (Ginn), 4/6.
 Book-Prices Current (Stock), 1/7/6 net.
 Seton-Karr, Sir Henry, *My Sporting Holidays* (Arnold), 12/6 net.
 Elliott, E. (Preface by F. G. Adfale), *Fifty Leaders of British Sport* (Lane), 21/0 net.
 Wives and how to Manage them, by One Who Knows (Skeffington), 1/0 net.
 Somers, Percival, *Pages from a Country Diary* (Arnold), 7/6.
 Quiver, *Annual Volume, 1904* (Cassell), 7/6.
 Thomas, Owen, *Agricultural and Pastoral Prospects of South Africa* (Constable), 6/0.
 Smith, W. McCombie, *The Romance of Poaching in the Highlands* (Mackay), 2/6 net.
 Quillet, *More Popular Fallacies* (Stock), 5/0 net.
 Woodward, H. B. (edited), *Geological Atlas of Great Britain* (Stanford), 12/6 net.
 Hardy, B. C., *Stamps worth Finding* (Appleton), 1/0 net.
 Horner, D. W., *Fireside Astronomy* (Witherby), 1/6 net.
 Muss-Arnold, W., *A Concise Dictionary of the Assyrian Language, Part 15* (Williams & Norgate), 6/0 net.
 A History of English Furniture, by Percy MacQuoid, Part 1, Vol. I.
 Report on Archaeological Work in Burma for the Year 1903-4.

Fiction

Gribble, Francis, *"The Dream of Peace"* (Chapman & Hall), 6/0; Drury, Major W. P., *"The Tadpole of an Archangel,"* &c. (Chapman & Hall), 3/6; Warden, Gertrude, *"The Game of Love"* (Digby, Long), 6/0; "Alien," *"A Slum Heroine"* (Digby, Long), 6/0; Peard, Frances, *"The Ring from Jaipur"* (Smith, Elder), 6/0; Iddesleigh, Earl of, *"Charms"* (Lane), 6/0; Coleridge, Mary E., *"The Shadow on the Wall"* (Arnold), 6/0; Cleeve, Lucas, *"Lady Silvia"* (Long), 6/0; Alexander, Eleanor, *"The Rambling Rector"* (Arnold), 6/0; Cleeve, Lucas, *"Children of Endurance,"* 6/0; Fenn, G. Manville, *"Blind Policy"* (Long), 6/0; Kenaly, Arabella, *"The Marriage Yoke"* (Hurst & Blackett), 6/0; Burgin, G. B., *"The Hermit of Bonnevillie"* (Richards), 6/0; Plant, O. P., *"John Rigdon"* (Sonnenschein), 6/0; Warren Bell, R. S., *"Jim Mortimer, Surgeon"* (Newnes), 3/6; Conrad, Joseph, *"Nostromo"* (Harper), 6/0; Adcock, A. St. John, *"In Fear of Man"* (Everett), 6/0; Douglas, Theo., *"Three Mysteries"* (Everett), 6/0; Moore, Frankfort, *"Sir Roger's Heir"* (Hodder & Stoughton), 6/0; Hammerton, J. A., *"The Call of the Town"* (Everett), 3/6; Bacheller, *"Vergilius"* (Harper), 6/0; Richardson, Frank, *"There and Back"* (Chatto & Windus), 6/0; Payne, Philip, *"Duchess of Few Clothes"* (Hutchinson), 6/0; Dabbs, G. H., *"A Sparrow, a Mouse and a Man"* (London Argus Library of Fiction), 0/6; Boylesse, René, *"The House on the Hill"* (translated by Jane Hutchinson) (Nutt), 6/0; Stringer, Arthur, *"The Silver Poppy"* (Methuen), 6/0; Bennett, Arnold, *"Teresa of Watling Street"* (Chatto & Windus), 6/0; Campbell, Frances, *"The Queenslanders"* (De La More Press), 3/6.

Juvenile

Hamer, S. H., *"The Little Folks Picture Album in Colour"* (Cassell), 5/0; Everett-Green, Evelyn, *"The Children's Crusade"* (Nelson), 3/6; Hollis, Gertrude, *"A Slave of the Saracen"* (Nelson), 2/6; St. Nicholas, Vol. XXXI, Part 2 (Macmillan), 6/0; Seton, E. T., *"Two Little Savages"* (Richards), 6/0; Rountree, H., and Hamer, S. H., *"Cheeply the Chicken"* (Cassell).

Reprints and New Editions

Pepys, Samuel, *Diary* (edited by H. B. Wheatley), 2 vols. (Bell), each 5/0 net.
 Rose, J. Holland, *Life of Napoleon I.*, 2 vols. (Bell), 10/0 net.
 Walton, Isaac, *Lives of Donne, Knight, Hooker, Herbert, and Sanderson* (Bell), 3/3/0 net.
 Gray, Thomas, *Letters* (edited by D. C. Tovey) (Bell), Vol. II., 3/6.
 Bax, E. Belfort, *Handbook to the History of Philosophy* (Bell), 5/0.
 Handy Volume, *Atlas of London* (Philip), 5/0.
 Smith, W. G., *Dunstable, The Downs and District* (Homeland Association), 1/0 net.
 Haslitt, W. Carew, *Gleanings in Old Garden Literature* (Stock), 1/6 net.
 Tolstoy, Leo, *Popular Stories and Legends* (translated by N. — and C. Fifield) (Free Age Press), 0/4.
 Psalms of David (Bell), 2/0 net.
 Naase, Thomas, *Works of* (edited by R. B. McKerrrow), 2 vols. (Bullen), 2/2/0 net.
 Euripidis *Fabulæ*, Vol. II. (edited by Gilbert Murray) (Clarendon Press), 3/0 and 3/6.
 Lamb, Charles, *Essays and Sketches* (Dent) (Temple Classics), 1/6 net.
 Vaughan, Henry, *The Mount of Olives* (Foulis), 2/6 net.
 Taylor, Jeremy, *The Way of Peace* (Foulis), 2/6 net.
 Sir Walter Scott, *Wandering Willie's Tale* (Foulis), 0/6 net.
 Brown, Dr. John, *Rab and his Friends* (Foulis), 0/6 net.
 Longfellow, *Poems of* (Foulis), 0/6 net.
 De Vere, Aubrey, *Poems from the Works of* (Catholic Truth Society), 1/0 net and 2/0 net.
 Shakespeare (Little Quarto Edition), *Titus Andronicus and Romeo and Juliet* (Methuen), each 1/0 net.
 Reynolds-Ball, E. A., *Mediterranean Winter Resorts*, 2 vols. (Hazell, Watson), each 3/6, or combined vol. on India paper 6/0.
 Swinburne, Algernon, *Poems*, Vol. III. (Chatto & Windus), 6/0 net.

Sixpenny Reprints

Hume, Fergus, *"The Turnpike House"*; Warden, Florence, *"An Outsider's Year"*; Le Fanu, J. S., *"The Wyvern Mystery."*

My Book of Memory—III

As far as I can recall the processes of education through which my mind passed I think I may justly call myself self-educated; so may most men and women fairly say of themselves. Judging by my own recollections I fancy that a child's intelligence and thirst for knowledge are usually over-rated; a child asks "why" out of idle curiosity just as a puppy explores the ins and outs of a room new to him. How vagabond was my own curiosity; I "wanted to know" about everything and everybody. Any explanation satisfied me and I seldom put the truth of it to any test. But gradually I settled down; when I came to read and reason for myself my tastes began to develop; history and letters came to have a hold on me. But what recked my teachers of this? What, indeed, did they know or seek to know of it? I was one of my master's flock of sheep, known to him by name but not by nature. When—it was seldom—I was at the head of my class I was a good boy; when at the bottom I was bad: there it began and ended. I do not blame him; he was set a task which no one man could rightly execute: to teach some fifteen or twenty boys, of all sorts and conditions of intelligence, to think, to reason, to understand! He did not attempt to achieve the impossible; all he endeavoured to do was to stuff our minds with the raw material of knowledge, with syntaxes, with dates, with names.

So I took—quite unconsciously, of course—my own education in hand, and instead of following a straight road, a high road, being without a guide I naturally strayed into many crooked byways. I loved history, more particularly that of the Elizabethan days, and I read such books as I could lay my hands upon, choosing once as a prize a volume of the adventures of the great Elizabethan seamen, much to my master's disgust, who thought I hankered after it as a mere story-book. But then he, good soul, knew nothing of me. I read all I could lay my hands upon, the good and the bad, having no one to tell me which was which; so I wasted much time and learned much which I have since taught myself to forget.

Then I loved to read of writers of books, and, oh! how I puzzled my poor brains over dreary works of biography, which I learned in later years could have been replaced by others of good quality. So I wandered aimlessly about, scratching myself while clambering through hedges, whereas I might have passed easily through a neighbouring gate—had I been aware of its existence. Needless to say such reading as this of mine helped me not at all in my school work. My master told me again and again that I was a lazy dunce—not a dunce by nature but by choice—and a stupid childish pride prevented me from speaking out to him. Had I done so would it have helped me? No, for his cut-and-dried reply would have been that he knew best and that I was too young to know anything. Perchance I did not *know* anything, but I *felt*; some instinct told me that with however stern perseverance I conned my school tasks I should never become a scholar in the ordinary acceptance of that word; but I did in some dim way see that there were branches of knowledge that appealed to my appetite, that I had a stomach to assimilate, and that these—dear as they were to me—were hateful when turned into dry-as-dust school tasks. For example, how dead was school history to me, with its tables of births, accessions and deaths, its lists of battles and so forth. How live, though I could not

understand them all, the pages of Macaulay and of Froude.

I did not call for help, for I did not even know that help could be given. Yet how much can be done and how little is done to help youngsters on their way. Take, for example, a lad who is fond of literature. Why make him presents of tin soldiers? Why not put in his way books he will learn to love; why not talk with him—not pedagogically—of books and writers? Why not sometimes read with him?

Throughout my life I have even been given to the dreaming of dreams; I have even once and again dreamed of a happy school, where each master had under his guidance and care not more than a dozen or so of boys. Few lessons would be set the class as a whole; each lad would be treated as an individual, not as a mere unit—or cypher?—among numbers. His lessons and his courses of study would be adapted to his individuality, and the master would work with him. Such subjects—at any rate, as regards their earlier stages—as arithmetic, geography, geometry would be taught to the class as a whole, and far more by word of mouth than by word of book. The boys would be encouraged to ask questions and to come to the master in all their difficulties. Thus boy and man would work together and in sympathy. A dull subject of learning, or one which is usually made dull, such as history, would become a subject of intelligent delight. Each boy would be encouraged to follow the pathway his feet seemed adapted to tread and necessary studies might be made tasteful instead of distasteful. Can such a dream as this ever come true? The chief difficulty would be the supply of competent teachers. Spencer has pointed out not only that teachers themselves need much teaching in their duties, but that their haphazard selection is a sin against our children and against the race. The saddest book in the world, could it be written, would be a record of lives spoiled and talents destroyed by incompetent teachers. The right word, the right touch, the right sympathy at the right moment may make or mar a boy or girl.

How little do we understand of a child's pride. It is so easily hurt, and it is a plant that should be sheltered, strengthened, cultivated with care. Many notions of false pride do we put into our boys' heads. As, for example, a boy to-day is too often actually ashamed of being tender and courteous to a mother or a sister. We complain of the manners of this time. What the manners of the time to come will be I scarcely care to consider. It is chiefly the mothers' fault; sometimes the sisters'. Let a boy be shown that it is matter of pride to be a gentleman and that no man is a *gentle* man who is not gentle to women. But this is not quite the kind of pride to which I really referred. I meant a more tender, personal pride—the pride which a boy takes in himself. There is a dignity of boyhood just as there is of manhood. I find a difficulty in explaining exactly what I mean; perhaps an example will help me. When a man talks with a boy do not let him try to talk down or to act down to what he believes to be the boy's standard. A boy is ready to look up to a man and to take pride in proving himself able to consort with him and to share, at any rate, some of his thoughts and hopes. Do not shatter that pride; the boy will lose his respect for you and some of his pride in himself.

Here am I talking of childhood as if I could under-

stand it; very, very few of us grown-ups do so. We were young once, but we have put away childish things with so great success that we have for the most part ceased even to understand them. If we could understand them the world of boys and girls would be better, healthier in mind and body—and far, far more happy.

E. G. O.

Fatherhood and Fate

A READER OF THE ACADEMY sends me a kind letter from which I quote: "It is not easy . . . to get the right sort of information as to the best conditions for the production of high-purposed children. Could you recommend . . . a work dealing with this question? It is hateful to pander to morbid and unworthy curiosity on such subjects—but it seems unpardonable to enter on the married life without some knowledge of the laws that should be observed in it. I should be very grateful if you would help me in this matter. The end of parents as well as legislators should, I think, be 'character-making,' and I suppose that character will really begin at the beginning."

Unfortunately the questions here raised are only too easy to answer. There are no works dealing with them, except by exclusion—and never will be.

It is assuredly true that character begins at the beginning. Every spermatozoon and every ovum bears with it certain definite potentialities, mental and moral, as well as physical. These sex-cells, or gametes, vary within less or greater limits in each individual, so that his or her children may, and constantly do, differ widely from each other. We are totally ignorant of any manner in which we can control the process of gamete formation or gametogenesis. Probably it is in the nature of the case that no such power can be attained. Instead of inquiring into such a subtle and complex character as "high purpose," let us take a relatively simple character such as sex. A few years ago a Viennese professor thought he had discovered a method by which this character, at any rate, could be controlled. If the mother were highly fed, with much sugar in her diet, she was to be blessed with a boy. Not only was this theory arrant nonsense in its details, but it was radically unsound. Inside the body of a newly-born girl-baby are many ova—the estimates vary between 30,000 and 70,000, numbers wholly unintelligible except on the theory that they represent a survival from the state of lower animals—and it is now believed by biologists that the *sex* of every one of these ova is already immutably determined—was, indeed, determined before any one could have distinguished the sex of the developing individual who contains them. Considering for the moment the sex-character alone, it would therefore appear that no extension of human knowledge will ever permit men to interfere with the approximately equal rate at which Nature, laughing at our futilities, turns out individuals of the two sexes.

But the general truth, of which this is a "simple" illustration, is that destiny lies in the inherent nature of each gamete, male and female. (Do not be confused by the fact above stated that the ovum, or female gamete, may prove to be either male or female as regards the individual produced from it.) When we wish to express the radical nature of certain characters we talk of them as "bred in the bone." "A rather absurd image," writes another reader to me this week, for these characters are fixed "long, long before bone appears" in the growing embryo. Certainly, then, it is true that

character does begin at the beginning; but how far back must we go to reach that beginning? How old is life?

The answer, then, to my correspondent who takes fatherhood seriously, is that he is in the hands of fate. He can adopt obvious means to promote the physical health of his children: but the sex and other characters of each are already fixed, in so far as heredity can fix them. He can control the environment upon which hereditary potentialities depend for their expression or suppression: but determine those potentialities he cannot.

Thus far Fate: but no further. For my correspondent has had his say. He has chosen his children's mother and their father, too. Conceive the ideal manner of approaching this great question of the responsibility of each generation in forming the next. My friend would have said: "I cannot control my gametes, or even choose the best specimens of them, but first I can judge of them, in some measure, by myself; and ask whether or not they are likely to be fit and proper gametes to contribute to the making of the next generation. If I answer in the affirmative I must next inquire whether my affections lead me towards a partner whose gametes are likely to be similarly worthy of the high calling which I propose for them. Having found such a partner, I can accept the facts of heredity and fate. I have done my share."

The obvious comment upon this imaginary soliloquy is that the man who makes it is, *ipso facto*, a fit and proper person, mentally and morally, for the great function which he proposes to discharge: and that the man who thus conceives of his duty to the future is quite certain to demand somewhat more than mere-tricious graces in the co-partner of his task. So that he cannot really conquer Fate by any such forethought, but merely illustrate it.

The fact that there do exist people who care about these matters is one of the countless fatal objections to the "shameful suggestion" of leasehold marriage. Any device which renders easier the path to marriage and parenthood for such persons, as against persons of lower natures, is a good and useful device. On the contrary, any device, such as leasehold marriage, which facilitates the production of children by persons who have deified the means and despise or try to avert the end, is necessarily pernicious, in that it tends to aggravate the struggle for existence by those finer spirits whose existence and the reproduction of whose existence are vital for the welfare of the coming race. Once the parents are decided upon, omnipotent heredity asserts itself. There is some point in the old jest that children cannot be too careful in the choice of parents. And since the children cannot choose, society must uphold such arrangements as tend to make a judicious choice for them.

C. W. SALEEBY.

"A Wife Without a Smile"

MR. PINERO has written some most delightful farces and many clever if unsatisfying plays. I can imagine that he has a series of pigeon-holes, in which he stows away ideas for plays, in one those for farces, in another those for serious dramas and in another those for problem-plays—a ridiculous name, for all plays deal with problems. I see him—in my mind's eye—going some time since, as he believed, to the farce pigeon-hole, but in mistake really to the problem-play department, taking out a

plot and setting to work to write a farce. The result—"A Wife Without a Smile," dubbed "a comedy in disguise," but in reality an unpleasant problem treated with unbecoming levity. Mr. Pinero can write, as noted above, delightful farce; he has written one or two charming plays and several anything but charming or true to life. Now he wastes his talent in composing a farce, which is not comic, based on a serious theme, which is not pleasant. His initial idea of a comic-minded man surrounded by deadly serious people was humorous. The man's wife is one of the unco' serious, and complications naturally would follow. But Mr. Pinero's complications are not nice. It transpires that Seymour Rippingill, the husband, has failed to take the necessary steps for the confirming of his decree *nisi*, divorcing him from his first wife. When he realises his blunder, at the advice of a fool of a friend, he determines to announce the discovery to his second wife, in the hope that, when matters are put right, she may "smile" and develop a sense of humour—presumably akin to his own! The wife smiles the moment she hears the news, welcomes her release, accepts the hand of a silly young painter, and Rippingill, to make matters square, asks another lady to be his third wife. The lady with the smile, however, does not care to see herself so quickly superseded, throws over her lover and bullies her husband into taking her back. This is the gist of Mr. Pinero's farce! Truth to tell, the production does not call for serious criticism, but does cry aloud for protest. The whole thing is unsavoury and in bad taste from beginning to end; a jest—a poor jest—is made of serious affairs, and much of the dialogue and many of the incidents of the piece appeal to a taste which a writer of Mr. Pinero's position should do his best to discourage. I cannot agree with Mr. Stead's view of the immorality of the theatre, but he has seen fit to speak very plainly of this farce, and I believe that no fair-minded person will disagree with him. It is unpleasant to have to write thus of an author of great ability, but to keep silent would be unkind to him. His early farces—"The Magistrate," "Dandy Dick," "The Schoolmistress," &c.—were clean, wholesome, witty and full of clever characterisation; his latest has none of these qualities. When not unpleasant it degenerates into buffoonery.

Translations

MR. HOLLYER'S photographs, in silvery key of black-and-white, are well known; and he, this year, holds an exhibition of his work, which perhaps tries the resources of photography to their utmost—the rendering of the subtle thing called atmosphere, which is the very soul of landscape painting. He has succeeded marvellously well, allowing always for that somewhat cold if silvery convention which ties his hands. It is not always the celebrated landscape that one would expect which yields itself most readily to his camera; but in spite very often of a certain sense of puffiness in his ground, the general effect of his landscapes is wonderfully true to the values of the originals. That such work rises to the splendid achievement of Timothy Cole's exquisite wood-engravings it would be ridiculous to pretend, or that it surpasses the splendid mezzotint-like qualities of the best photogravures. But it is very likely that some of these very fine reproductions would make rich photogravures; and it would be intensely interesting to see such a photogravure wrought under Mr. Hollyer's hands. As to myself, the colour

of these remarkable photographs always strikes a little cold; whether the fault of the printing tones or of the paper I have never been able to decide—I fancy the colour of the printing matter. It never quite reaches the superb mezzotint qualities of Mr. Histed's work nor of some of the younger Americans; and the only fault I can discover is the colour of the tint, for Mr. Hollyer's translation of values it would be difficult to surpass.

Some of these landscapes are of great beauty. Turner's "Calais Pier" is vigorous in tone as it is nervous and telling in effect. The subtleties and whispering cadences of Corot's master-work are rendered with rare beauty. Turner's "Landing of the Prince of Orange" is an exquisite piece of work, catching the beauties of the original, the atmospheric effects, with great truth and tenderness. G. F. Watts seems to be a particularly happy master for Mr. Hollyer's reproductive work, his two well-known landscapes coming out with the force and power that were Watts' secret, and showing the technique of his brushing with a truthfulness that recalls that very great man's splendid gifts. Constable, too, is well translated, though lacking the very exaggerations of black-and-white that really went to the making of the glory of Lucas' famous mezzotints from this master's pictures. Whistler's work also lends itself easily to the camera, with its broad painter's qualities and its tender values. Ruisdael's "Sea-shore at Scheveningen" is a very beautiful piece of reproductive work, in which Mr. Hollyer's own personal qualities have served him to good purpose. This is an age of photography in the illustrated press. Every day makes it more clear that the black-and-white artist is being crushed under the heels of them that wield the camera; and it is all the more pathetic to notice that the illustrated papers seem unable to secure the beautiful things that such men as Mr. Hollyer can give them rather than the commonplace things for which they all apparently strive.

Correspondence

"Whom the Gods Love"

SIR,—I will not dogmatise as to what this saying may mean, but I would like to point out to your correspondent who signs himself "The Latter Alternative" that when E. G. O. instanced Lewis Carroll he might have prayed R. L. Stevenson in aid of his case. Read the last two pages of "Æs Triplex," or, better still, read the whole of it. After contrasting the brave and pusillanimous fashions in which we may live our lives and face the great ending, and after making it very clear which method commended itself to him, R. L. Stevenson says: "When the Greeks made their fine saying that those whom the gods love die young, I cannot help believing they had this sort of death also in their eye. For surely, at whatever age it overtake the man, this is to die young. Death has not been suffered to take so much as an illusion from his heart." The creator of "Alice" and the maker of "A Child's Garden of Verses" both died young, at least in the sense that they preserved to the end the children's priceless heritage of happy illusions.—Yours, &c. R. A. H.

THEIR MAJESTIES' WATER COLOURS

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SIR,—A sentence in this week's article of your contributor E. G. O., to the effect that Lewis Carroll died young, has given me seriously to think. If, as seems on the whole more probable, E. G. O. is to be taken literally, he is guilty of an inaccuracy (particularly flagrant in view of the fact that in a previous article he mentions meeting Carroll), as Lewis Carroll died at the age of 66. If, however, he is to be taken metaphorically, he seems to me to have been tampering unwarrantably with the English language. I do not see how he can escape one of the horns of this dilemma.—Yours, &c.

DAVID MCGREGOR.

Mr. Kipling's "They"

SIR,—Is not Mr. Kipling in his story "They" referring to the old idea that illegitimate and unbaptized children who died were unfit for heaven and yet too innocent for hell, and so remained as spirits on earth in a kind of intermediate state? It is for these poor lost ones, as I take it, that Mr. Kipling imagines the love and yearning of his blind girl providing a shelter in her home and the wood surrounding it.—Yours, &c.

E. R. PUNSHON.

The Riddle of the Universe

SIR,—Whilst thanking your reviewer for his courteous response, I still regret that his three "reasons" seem scarcely satisfactory. Haeckel speculates rather too far in advance of the facts, it is true; but my faith in his integrity is such that I cannot think his object is deliberately to deceive the "ignorant public." Then, Haeckel is ignorant of the rudiments of psychology, says your reviewer; but, surely, anything worthy the title of psychology must have its roots in physiology; and if Haeckel is not at home in physiology he is at home nowhere. Finally, the eminent biologist is accused of allowing disproved statements to remain in the German editions of his work, the implication being that this, again, is a studied deception. Apart, however, from the fact that such miserable tactics are unthinkable as being adopted by a Valiant-for-Truth like Haeckel, I cannot suppose—taking, for the moment, a far lower point of view—that he would resort to a plan at once so childish and so eminently fitted to defeat its own purpose. After all, the pity of all this bitterness against the kindly veteran in these sunset hours of his useful life! He, your reviewer, and the rest of us, are face to face with the great cosmic problem, each in his own way striving to read the riddle that up to the present has baffled all ages and sages, and—some of us can yet afford to throw dirt! Again, the pity of it!—Yours, &c.

J. B. WALLIS.

SIR,—"Haeckel's Translator" succeeds in giving the impression that my assertion was incorrect, without using such language as may not leave him a loophole. He cannot and does not deny that Haeckel has left disproved statements in the German edition of his book. Haeckel was compelled to renounce this "authority" by one whom Haeckel described as the "acute and learned English theologian," but had not the honesty to suppress his rather effective rubbish. The change in the English translation was certainly made before Loofs' book was published here, but after the announcement that it was to be translated. It was quite a good race, and Haeckel's party won by a short head. However, your readers can buy "Anti-Haeckel" for sixpence, so that I may save my ink.—Yours, &c.

YOUR REVIEWER.

[This correspondence must now cease.—ED.]

The Rustic Wreath

SIR,—The story called "The Rustic Wreath," a village story, is by Miss Mitford, but it appeared in "Friendship's Offering," a literary album and Christmas and New Year present, for 1828, published by Smith, Elder & Co. There is a pretty "embellishment," as it is called, accompanying the story, painted by W. F. Wetherington "expressly for this work," engraved by A. W. Warren.—Yours, &c.

E. M. WRIGHT.

SIR,—I must ask you to favour me by stating in your next issue that the interesting discovery about Tennyson's "Dora" was made by "Amusement," as the "Daily News" acknowledged, which you ignore altogether. Please let us have your recognition. I think Tennyson should have added a footnote to "Dora," telling the source of his idea.—Yours, &c.

EDWIN DREW,
Editor of "Amusement."

[We very much regret the oversight.—ED.]

Dickens as a Novelist

SIR,—I ventured to criticise the views of your contributor, E. G. O., as to Dickens' position in English fiction. Perhaps my communication did not reach you, and, as a voice from across the Atlantic may be worth heeding, I now reiterate my criticism in a few words. I maintain (as I did in an article published several years ago in "The Westminster Review") that Dickens is a thoroughly artificial novelist. He has never portrayed a single character which is in any way lifelike. Micawber, Quilp, Mrs. Gamp, Toots, Tim Tappertit, Bill Sikes, Fagin, Bumble, and, lastly, Honeythunder (manufactured for his unfinished "Edwin Drood") are all caricatures, just as much as Punch is, regarded as a theatrical personality. Criticism is beginning to deal with Dickens rightly. George Saintsbury assigns him very low rank as an artist. W. D. Howells considers him a pure caricaturist. E. G. O.'s gush is therefore belated.—Yours, &c.

D. F. H.

New Monthly Competition

WE shall give, until further notice, a monthly prize, value £1 1s., for the best criticism of a specified book. The prize will take the form of a £1 1s. subscription to Messrs. W. H. Smith & Son's Circulating Library. In the case of any prize-winner living too far from the nearest branch of this library, or for any other good reason not desiring to subscribe to it, the subscription will be transferred to another library, to be chosen by the prize-winner. If already a subscriber to a library, the guinea will run from end of present subscription or be added to it at once. The prize-winner will be sent an order on the library selected, a cheque for £1 1s. being forwarded with proper notification to the proprietors. The winning criticism will be printed, with the writer's name, in THE ACADEMY AND LITERATURE. Style and independence of view will be chiefly taken into account in awarding the prize. We need not remind competitors that they are not called upon to buy the selected books, but can obtain them from a library.

RULES.

1. The criticism must not exceed five hundred words or be less than four hundred.
2. All communications must be addressed to "The Competition Editor, THE ACADEMY, 9 East Harding Street, London, E.C."
3. The Editor's judgment in awarding the prize must be considered final.
4. The MS. must be clearly written by hand, or typewritten, on one side only of the paper.
5. No competitor can win the prize more than once in three months. In case a previous prize-winner sends in the best criticism, his (or her) paper will be printed, the prize going, however, to the next best sent in by a non-prize-winner.
6. The competition coupon must be filled in and sent with the MS. (See page 2 of Cover.)

SUBJECT FOR FIRST COMPETITION

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Competitors' MSS. must reach this office not later than November 15.

"Academy" Questions & Answers

Questions and Answers for this column must be addressed to THE EDITOR, THE ACADEMY AND LITERATURE, 9 East Harding Street, London, E.C. The envelope to be marked in the top left-hand corner "A.Q.A." Each Question or Answer must be written on a separate sheet of paper and on only one side of the paper, which must bear the sender's full name and address, not necessarily for publication. The Editor will not undertake the forwarding of any correspondence. Questions must be confined to matters of Literature, History, Archaeology, Folk-lore, Art, Music and the Drama. The Editor reserves the right of deciding whether or not any Question or Answer is of sufficient interest to be published. Questions must not be such as can be answered from the ordinary works of reference.

COMPETITION.

Until further notice, four prizes, of the value of 5/- each, will be awarded weekly for the two best Questions and the two best Answers contributed to "Academy" Questions and Answers.

The Editor's decision must be considered absolutely final and no correspondence whatever will be entered upon with regard to the awards. The names and addresses of prize-winners will not be published, but the winning Questions and Answers will be indicated by an asterisk. Each prize will consist of 5/- worth of books to be chosen by the several prize-winners. The name and address of the booksellers where the book or books can be obtained will be given. Winners outside the United Kingdom will receive a cheque for 5/-. No competitor can win a prize more than once in three months.

One of the four weekly prizes will be awarded, whenever possible, to a Shakespearean Question or Answer.

Non-adherence to the rules and regulations of "Questions and Answers" will imply disqualification.

Questions

SHAKESPEARE.

FINSBURY.—In "I. Henry IV." III. i. 257, Hotspur says: "As if thou never walk'dst farther than Finsbury." Why should this place be Finsbury; why not any other town or hamlet?—A. E. Nicholls.

LITERATURE.

* **KIFLING.**—What is the precise meaning or the specific allusion in the titles of Mr. Kipling's volumes of poems: "The Seven Seas" and "The Five Nations"? I tried (in Dr. Brewer's books, &c.) in vain to find "The Seven Seas" for a reader at a public library, who thought it referred to the Lagoons of Venice.—*Insomito*.

AUTHOR WANTED.—Can any one tell me who is the author of the following lines, and where they may be found?—

La vie est vaine,
Un peu d'amour,
Un peu de haine,
Et puis—bonjour!
La vie est brève,
Un peu d'espoir,
Un peu de rêve,
Et puis—bonsoir!—M.A.C.

GENERAL.

* **SHAKING HANDS.**—What is the origin of shaking hands?—A.E.N.

CHARIOT AND HORSEMEN OF ISRAEL.—Can any one give the meaning of this phrase, which occurs in 2 Kings ii. 12 and xiii. 14: "My Father, My Father, the chariot of Israel and the horsemen thereof"? These are the only two occasions in the whole Bible where this expression is used.—G.E.B. (Blackheath).

A GREEN AND YELLOW DINNER.—Although I have not succeeded in discovering the origin of the expression used by Hastings in "She Stoops to Conquer"—"a green and yellow dinner at the French Ambassador's table"—it was evidently a common phrase at the time for describing any extremely "French" confection. In a letter of Horace Walpole's, dated 1765 (I am not sure to whom addressed), he describes a dinner party which turned out a fiasco. After waiting some hours for the first course to appear, and getting extremely hungry, he writes disgustedly that *instead of substantial dishes there were plates striped blue, green, and yellow, gilt plate, blacks, and uniforms*. Possibly a well-annotated edition of "Walpole's Letters" would explain the exact meaning of the term.—J.F.H. (Sheffield).

ORANGE BLOSSOM FOR BRIDES.—When did brides first wear orange blossom in England? It is my impression that the custom is quite modern—at any rate, not earlier than the end of the eighteenth century.—A.W.

* **FIRST CATCH YOUR HARE.**—Is this popular quotation from Mrs. Glasse's "Cookery" correct, or what are the exact words used? An obsolete meaning of the verb "to case" was "to strip off the case or skin," as in "All's well that ends well," III. 6: "Weele make you some sport with the fox ere we case him"; and Mrs. Glasse certainly wrote ("Cookery," vi. 126): "Take a full-grown hare and let it hang four or five days before you case it." I suggest that the well-known quotation arises from the meaning of "case" having become forgotten, and perhaps a printer's error may have assisted the mistake.—H.C.

* **BILLYCOCK.**—A "billycock" is described as "a pot-hat worn jauntily askew." What is the derivation of the more respectable colloquial term "bowler"? Is there any difference between the two, otherwise than in name?—T.H.G.

* **DICKY.**—"A linen front or half-shirt." Is there any connection between this word and the adjective *dicky*—doubtful, questionable, as in the phrase "his chances look very dicky."—T.H.G.

Answers

SHAKESPEARE.

BACON AND "LUCRECE."—The "amazing" discovery of Bacon's name in the last two lines of Shakespeare's "Lucrece" was first pointed out by a German, Edwin Bormann, in 1900. But to an Englishman falls the credit of so improving upon and adding to this singular proof of Bacon's authorship that Shakespeare of Stratford has to give up all claim to "Lucrece" as well as "Venus and Adonis" and the famous "Shakespeare Sonnets" as well. The whole matter is fully explained in the latest book on this

interesting subject, entitled "Is it Shakespeare?" by a Cambridge graduate, and published about a year ago by John Murray. The signature "Bacon" from the end of "Lucrece" should be really written "F. Bacon," for the "F" of "Finis" is in the proper place, in the original edition, for initialling the name of the poet-author. But the discovery at the end of "Lucrece" is not half so "amazing" as the one at the beginning of this poem. Bacon "shows his head" there in a much more convincing way than in the two lines quoted in last week's Questions. "A Cambridge Graduate" shows this and much more in "Is it Shakespeare?" which holds the field at present unanswered, though the critics have had a year to think over it. It seems that "Lucrece" now must be delivered to its true owner, whose name it bears internally, externally, and eternally. There is no recent bibliography of this debated question. The last was an American one by W. H. Wyman (Cincinnati, 1884), and of little use now when so many columns of the British Museum Catalogue have been recently filled up. That is the most accessible bibliography for Londoners.—*Ne Quid Nisi*.

* **SOLON'S HAPPINESS.**—The reference is to the famous interview between Solon and Croesus. When the latter asked the sage who was the happiest man that he had ever seen, Solon replied that no one could be called happy till he had made a good end to his life. Hence those addressed by Andronicus who "sleep in fame" have "aspired to Solon's happiness, And triumphed over chance in honour's bed."—E.M.W.-B. (Hove).

CLOCKS.—

Brutus. "Peace! count the clock";

Cassius. "The clock hath stricken three."

("Julius Caesar," II. i. 192-3.)

Originally a clock seems to have been a bell struck by hand. The striker of the bell would take the time from a sundial if the sun were up, or from a clepsydra, or water-clock, between sunset and sunrise. Various kinds of sundials and water-clocks were used by the Romans.—M.A.C.

These lines are most certainly erroneous, and come inappropriately from the lips of Romans of that age. There were then no striking-clocks, but only dials and devices such as clepsydræ (water-clocks) for marking time. "Julius Caesar" presents with historical accuracy the political facts on which it is based, but, as in other of Shakespeare's plays in which the historic period is far removed from his own (such as "Coriolanus" and "Macbeth"), the social circumstances and customs attributed to the *dramatis personæ* have a strongly Elizabethan colouring. This is most probably owing to the difficulty which an Elizabethan less learned than Ben Jonson would have had in trying to obtain much knowledge of classical antiquities and social life.—W.A.H. (Brockley).

LITERATURE.

* **TURRIS EBURNEA.**—The epithet "turris," as found in the Litany of Loretto, very possibly had its earliest origin in the myth of Cybele, the *mater turris* of Ovid and Virgil. The transition would have been easy to the minds of Roman and Greek converts to Christianity. But the idea was probably crystallised, as it were, by the connection with the Hebrew imagery of the "Song of Solomon" (vii. 4), "Thy neck is as a tower of ivory"—an emblem of beauty combined with strength. Mystical interpretation of the "Song" has always seen the Church under the figure of the "Bride" addressed by Solomon. Hence the epithet would have peculiar significance when applied to the mother of the Founder of that Church.—E.M.W.-B. (Hove).

* **DR. JOHNSON'S LONDON RESIDENCES.**—Your correspondent will find this subject dealt with exhaustively in Mr. Austin Dobson's "Side-Walk Studies," in an essay on "Dr. J.'s Haunts and Habitations." From this it appears that No. 17 Gough Square is the only remaining house of his, all the others having vanished or else being not identifiable. His rooms in Staple Inn and Gray's Inn will still be in existence, of course, but, it seems, are not known accurately. Mrs. E. T. Cook, in "Highways and Byways in London," mentions that in his early days of hard work for Cave, Johnson occupied upper rooms in St. John's Gate, Clerkenwell, but whether he actually lived there I do not know.—J.F.H. (Sheffield).

* **THE LOST RACE.**—Is it possible that the book "The Lost Race," "by an Irish author," which G.A.M. heard asked for in a Dublin book-shop, can be "Rio Grande's Last Race, and Other Poems," by A. B. Paterson? This book was reviewed in THE ACADEMY AND LITERATURE of February 6, 1904 (page 147), in conjunction with "The Lost Paradise, and other Poems," by John Tattersall, and it occurs to me that the inquirer might have confused the two titles together. True, Mr. A. B. Paterson is an Australian writer, but, on the other hand, the only poem singled out by you for praise from his collection is one with the Irish-sounding title, "Father Riley's Horse."—M.A.C.

AUTHOR FOUND.—The author of the verses quoted on p. 150 of Ralph Waldo Trine's "In touch with the Infinite" is John Burroughs. The full poem is called "Waiting," and will be found at the beginning of his book, "The Light of Day" (1900), Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston and New York, and The Riverside Press, Cambridge.—J.J.

GENERAL.

NAMES OF THE DAYS OF THE WEEK.—The names of the days of the week are of Anglo-Saxon origin, and, with the exception of Sunday and Monday, they commemorate mythological deities. These names coincide with the Roman ones, and the latter were used to distinguish the planets also. The French names show that the deities are to be identified as the same. Tuesday, god of war, Fr. *mardi*, Mars; Odins or Wodens, Fr. *mercredi*, Mercury; Thor, god of thunder, Fr. *jeudi*, Jove; Freya, wife of Odin, Fr. *vendredi*, Venus; Saturn, god of time, Fr. *samedi*.—S.C. (Hove).

NAMES OF THE DAYS OF THE WEEK.—I believe M.L.A. will find in an Appendix to "The Great Pyramid" (R. A. Proctor) a full account of the origin of the week and of the order of the names of the days.—H.C.P.

* **CHARIVARI.**—The word is taken from the French. Littré considers it onomatopoeic, and it means what is called "rough music" in England, with which a couple who by their marriage had outraged the popular sense of propriety were sometimes serenaded. It thence came to mean any discordant or derisive noise, and was not inappropriately taken as the title of the French comic paper and afterwards by "Punch."—H.C.

* **GOD BLESS YOU OVER THE LEFT SHOULDER.**—"Over the left" or "over the left shoulder" is a colloquial or slang expression meaning negation, or the contrary of what is stated or ordinarily meant.—M. A. Clay.

* **COCKSURE.**—This word is one of the large class which have suffered degradation in meaning. Originally, and until the nineteenth century, it was used seriously and in dignified prose. It is first found in Skelton

[Continued on page 372.]

THE WILLIAMS TYPEWRITER

YOU

could ride sixty miles an hour
in a motor-car if the law
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(1522); then in Latimer's Sermons; N. Woode's moral play, "The Conflict of Conscience" (1581); Shakespeare's "I. King Hen. IV." I. i.; in Pope and in "The Rehearsal." Good authorities suggest its derivation from *coque*, of which we have remains in *weather-cock* and *turn-cock* or *turn-key*; thus indicating exactness, close fitting. Its modern signification assumes the noisy pertness of the barndoor fowl as the characteristic from which the word is derived.—S.C. (Hove).

"COCKSURE."—The word "cocksure" is derived from a cock, or tap, which, when turned one way, is a surety against any liquor passing through, or, better still, a cock with a removable turning key.—A. Nicholls.

[The Answers of H.C.J.S. (Preston) and W.W. do not comply with the rules and are inadmissible. Full names must be given; initials are insufficient.]

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Questions

LITERATURE.

HOMER.—I heard lately that Homer was not really the name of a man, but that it means a collection (I suppose, of poems). Can any one give me any further particulars, if this is so?—Doris Bolland.

SHAKESPEARE'S HISTORICAL PLAYS.—How far may Shakespeare's English historical plays be regarded as forming a connected group?—James McMichael, Jun.

"THE WATER BABIES."—Is "The Water Babies" a fairy tale or a parable, because it seems to have a meaning which I do not quite understand?—Gladys Brooke.

HISTORY.

OSTEND MANIFESTO.—What was the Ostend Manifesto?—Leslie Keith Gifford-Wood.

FIGHTING MONARCHS.—Who were the first and last kings of England to lead the English people in battle?—Fred Hoad.

"PRAGMATIC SANCTION."—What was the "Pragmatic Sanction" referred to in Wilfred Pearson's answer about the Concordat?—Duncan Collingwood Ogilvie.

* SCOTCH PAPER LORDS.—Who were the Scotch paper lords, and why were they so called? They were mentioned in one of my lesson books, and I can find nothing about them.—Erica Dunkerley.

GENERAL.

ASSASSIN.—What is the origin of the word "assassin"?—John Leaper.

* TOGA VIRILIS.—Can any one tell me what "toga virilis" means? I found it in the preface of a book and could not find the translation of it.—Dora S. Johnson.

FIRE.—How was fire invented, and who first invented it?—Wilfred Pearson.

GLASS.—Who invented glass, and at what date was it invented?—Leslie Keith Gifford-Wood.

TOWER OF BABEL.—What was the language spoken by those who built the Tower of Babel before they were made to speak different languages?—Wilfred Pearson.

HOCKEY.—When was this game first invented, by whom, and from whence does it get its name?—Dorothy Kirtland.

GREATER BRITAIN.—Can anybody explain to me the term "Greater Britain"? It is very puzzling to me.—Dora S. Johnson.

Answers

LITERATURE.

POET LAUREATE.—The Poet Laureateship is not only presented to, but can be refused or accepted by, the person to whom it is offered. The Poet Laureate has to write poems by command of the King, and many poets think that to accept this post means giving up freedom and becoming a

slave. See Browning's "Lost Leader." I do not know, but I think Swinburne refused the Poet Laureateship.—Doris Bolland.
[Similar answers received from Dora S. Johnson, Dorothy Kirtland, and others.]

ORLEANS.—Alexander Pope wrote a famous piece of poetry, called "Solitude," when he was eleven years old.—Wilfred Pearson.
[Similar answers received from Dora S. Johnson, and others.]

KEATS.—John Keats came of undistinguished parentage. His maternal grandfather, a Mr. Jennings, kept a large livery stable in London, and his father, Thomas Keats, was head stableman in the business. Thomas Keats married Jennings' daughter, and John Keats was their eldest son.—Charles MacIver Grant Ogilvie.

CHATTERTON.—The causes of Chatterton's death are generally ascribed to his fearful poverty. He was of a very proud nature, and refused all offers of friends to share meals. At last, in August 1770, he took poison, and was found in the morning dead. Watts has exhibited in the Tate Gallery a picture called "The Death of Chatterton."—Doris Bolland.

"ROBINSON CRUSOE."—It is believed by some that Daniel Defoe did not write "Robinson Crusoe," and that Lord Oxford, while a prisoner in the Tower of London, wrote the first volume for amusement, and gave it to Defoe, who often visited him. Defoe, by Lord Oxford's permission, printed it as his own, and, encouraged by its success, wrote the second part himself. Robinson Crusoe was supposed to have been Alexander Selkirk, who was on the island of Juan Fernandez for four years.—Eleanor Harle.
[Other answers from Erica Dunkerley, and others.]

COCKNEY SCHOOL.—A name formerly given by some of the English critics to literary school whose productions were said to contain unpopular ideas. They included Leigh Hunt, Haslitt, Shelley, Keats, and others. Leigh Hunt was supposed to be their leader.—Ben Belch.
[Similar answers received from L. K. Gifford-Wood, and others.]

AUTHORS WANTED.

Oh, what a tangled web we weave,
When first we practise to deceive,
is Canto vi. Stanza 14 of Sir Walter Scott's "Marmion."—Eleanor Harle.
[Also an answer from Wilfred Pearson, who says Stanza 17. Which is right, or either?]

Then happy low, lie down!
Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.
Shakespeare, "Henry IV."—Leslie Keith Gifford-Wood.

HISTORY.

VICEROY.—Viceroy (from the French *vice-roi*), a title given to a person governing a large and important dependency of a kingdom. The Lord-Lieutenant is assisted by a Privy Council appointed by the Government in power, and the post falls vacant on a change of Administration. The Governor-General is appointed by the Crown, and has power to give or withhold royal assent to Bills passed by the Senate and House of Assembly. Helen Brooke.

CHARLES I.—Here lies our sovereign lord the king.
This is not the real quotation; the real one is—

Here lies our sovereign lord the king,
Whose word no man relies on;
He never says a foolish thing,
Nor ever does a wise one.

This was written by the Earl of Rochester on the bedchamber door of Charles II.—Eleanor Harle.

EGYPT.—Egypt is nominally a dependency of Turkey, but has now an independent Government under English control, and is ruled by a Khedive. Helen Brooke.
[Similar answers received from Eleanor Harle, Dora S. Johnson, and others.]

CHARTERED COMPANY.—A chartered company means one by which powers and privileges are conferred by the State on a select body of persons for a special object, as the "charter" of a bank, a patent, a grant, or anything relative to the Magna Charta which was signed by King John at Runnymede on 15th June, 1215.—James McMichael, Jun.

GENERAL.

* POPE JOAN.—Pope Joan was supposed to be a woman who lived in the fifteenth century and masqueraded as a man. She entered the priesthood, and rose to be Pope. She is almost certainly a mythical personage, there being an authentic record of another Pope at the time she was said to hold the office.—Dorothy Pelham.
[Other answers from James McMichael, Jun., Dora S. Johnson, Leslie Keith Gifford-Wood, and others.]

ELECTRICITY.—Benjamin Franklin, an American, was born in Boston in 1706. He first invented electricity in 1746. The first electrical machine was made in 1672 by Otto Guericke.—Eleanor Harle.

ELECTRICITY.—No one invented electricity, but the ancient Greeks were the first who knew anything about it. They knew that amber, when rubbed, would attract light substances, and called it electron *ηλεκτρον*.—Charles MacIver Grant Ogilvie.
[Similar answers received from C. MacIver Ogilvie, and James McMichael, Jun.]

COAL.—Some people believe that coal was known to the ancient Britons, but it is a fact that it was used as early as 832 by the Anglo-Saxons. Henry III. first granted a licence to dig coal in 1234.—Duncan Collingwood Ogilvie.
[Other answers from Eleanor Harle, and others.]

SUNDIAL.—The earliest mention of a sundial is found in Isaiah xxxviii. 8: "Behold, I will bring again the shadow of the degrees which is gone down in the sundial of Ahas ten degrees backward." This would, of course, be about B.C. 700; but the earliest sundial about which anything certain is known would be that made by Berosus, the Chaldean astronomer, who lived about B.C. 340. The dial of Berosus remained in use for several centuries.—Doris Bolland.

"GULLIVER'S TRAVELS." WILLIAM RUFUS, AUTHORS WANTED.—Further answers from Helen Brooke, Eleanor Harle, Dorothy Kirtland, and others.

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